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MONTHLY

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

JANUARY 1917

Poetry — Ernest Blake, Bernard Gilbert, Henry Head, Edwin Faulkner, Captain, R.F.A.

The Shadow-Line (V.) — Joseph Conrad

Cornwall — Arthur Symons

A Rag-Time Hero — Gilbert Frankau

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

The Woman's Army — Mrs. Alec-Tweedie

The Catholic Church and Home Rule — Sacerdos

The Awakening
The New Government
The Kaiser's Christmas Box — Austin Harrison

The Rumanian Operations — Major Stuart-Stephens

Magna Charta for the National Gallery — Francis Howard

The Collectivism of War — Miles

Books

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A Gift for the House

¶ What better form of New Year gift could there be than something really useful and artistic for the home? When in search of presents, remember Messrs. Heal and Son, at The Sign of the Fourposter, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W. One might suggest a thousand possibilities in actual furniture, but perhaps cushions, coverlets, and curtain fabrics come more into the category of seasonable gifts. There are bedspreads of many kinds at Heal's. Some designs, of which they hold the copyright, are suited to modern schemes of decoration; others are inspired by eighteenth century patterns. There are exact reproductions of Jacobean embroideries, hand-worked by the natives of Kashmir in rich-coloured wools upon a creamy ground. Any of these make pleasant and useful gifts, while such things as caned bed-rests, bed-tables, and other hospital comforts might be suggested as desirable for all invalids and wounded soldiers. The Fourposter sheets, sent post free by Messrs. Heal and Son, will offer plenty of inspiration to gift-buyers.

Eagle and the British Dominions

¶ We are officially informed that a provisional agreement for amalgamation has been entered into between the respective Boards of the historical Eagle Life Office and the British Dominions General Insurance Company, subject to the approval of their shareholders and to the sanction of the Court being obtained. Established under a deed of settlements in the nineteenth century—to be precise, in the year 1807—the "Eagle" was incorporated under the Companies' Acts, with unlimited liability in 1897.

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We shall look forward with more than usual interest to the new business policy of the joint undertakings, evidence of which, judging by the energy of the British Dominions in the past, more familiar to the public in respect to its now famous "All-In" policies, will no doubt be quickly and forcibly apparent in the early future.

Great Bargains in Sports Coats

¶ All women love a bargain, especially when it is such a covetable bargain as will be found in the sports coat department of Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, during the first twelve days of January. This special bargain, which will prove a most attractive bait to all women who live in the country, is a coat of Heather Glen wool, in all the delightful tones of heather mixtures—brown, blue, mauve, green, and so forth—which has been reduced from three guineas to one guinea simply because it is too long, and consequently a little too weighty, for sporting purposes. Otherwise it is an ideal, cosy, woollen overcoat for driving or travelling or for general country wear. A big selection of odd coats—from three to five hundred—comprising silk and wool models, will be sold also at the universal price of a guinea, and as these are not procurable through the post, an early visit to Debenham's sale is advised, for the fame

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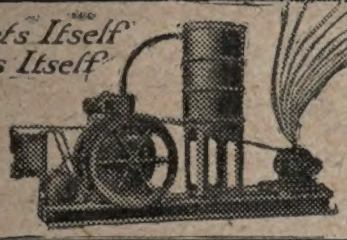

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TO THE MUNITION FACTORY

HOW to win through, that is the question with many a young life between the years of five and fifteen. It is the blot upon our modern civilisation which we are doing our best to remove. Prevention is our goal. But meantime the least we can do is to relieve. The experience of many of our boys and girls who have won through and are now serving King and Country, when they come back will make them zealous for better conditions. We must not, however, stay our hands. In thousands of homes the elder brother and sister influence is withdrawn. In others it is the father who is at the Front. This makes our work all the more urgent. We must somehow keep the home fires burning till the boys come back.

Please address your donations *now* to Sir JOHN KIRK,
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of their sports coats is world-wide. A wool alpaca coat which is greatly reduced is another delightful sale bargain—in a good range of colours—warm, light, and well cut, and very smart in design. There are some fascinating coats in silk and in *crêpe de Chine* at bargain prices, and all the new silk and stockinette coats and costumes are greatly reduced. Many of these are fur trimmed. There are coat-frocks in stockinette, priced at 5½ guineas for the sale. They are fur trimmed and very effective, being warm and light to wear under furs.

New Year's Gifts

¶ New Year's gifts are as much in demand as Yuletide gifts, and as this is a winter of war-weddings there are many opportunities for kindly thought. A little book of gifts and novelties issued by that famous house of quality, the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., 112 Regent Street, will provide inspiration to all who contemplate a gift of any kind for the men in the trenches or the women who "carry on" at home. Luminous watches are, of course, indispensable to all men and to many women, and one can get a good silver watch for Service use at three guineas with luminous hands and figures. Gold wrist-watches for women are priced from £3, and the Military Badge on black *moiré* silk or regimental ribbon at five guineas is a gift in continual demand. Diamond initials set in palladium on *moiré* are much worn as bracelets or neckslides, and they can be had from £3. The latest novelties in crystal and diamond hatpins, priced from 32*s*., are very acceptable gifts, and there are, of course, badge brooches for all regiments. The silver military cross medal in miniature at 7*s*. 6*d*. is also something to make a note of at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co. Fitted hand-bags in *moiré*—the latest designs from Paris—at a guinea are gifts which appeal to women, and the fold-up leather cases with eight-day lever watches from £2 15*s*. are always popular presents, and there are many more useful, inexpensive, and good, to choose from at this well-known house.

Smart Model Coats and Skirts

¶ The sales are here in quite good time for the winter months which are generally more severe after Christmas. We have had cold weather, but not really hard winter weather yet. Now is the time to buy sale bargains in the way of overcoats and the smart *velour* coats and skirt with the touch of fur, which has given them such distinction this season. These model suits, which have been priced at 6½ and 7½ guineas at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove of Oxford Street and Vere Street, W., are now going at 98*s*. 6*d*. They are in a variety of colours and designs in very fine quality soft finished wool *velour* with natural opossum collars. There are smart tailor suits in navy and black serge reduced to 98*s*. 6*d*. also, and charming coat-frocks in various designs at the same price, many of which cost originally 5½ to 7½ guineas. Early spring coats in corded suitings and navy and black serges are notable bargains at 89*s*. 6*d*. in all the latest styles.

Fur-lined coats in tweeds, *velour*, cloths, and friezes are exceptional value at £5 18*s*. 6*d*., and at the same price there are soft finished *velour* cloth coats reduced from 6½ and 8½ guineas. All the millinery models will be greatly reduced for the sale, and there will be notable bargains in tea-frocks, rest-gowns, and wrappers.

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¶ To this demand there was a splendid response from the poor of the Empire, who went from slums to trenches unquestioningly, uncomplainingly, to defend the land in which they had never had more than a tumble-down dwelling in a dreary street. But they went because that corner held all that was dear to them, and because they knew that they were fighting for right. Those men deserve every consideration, and their boys and girls a better fate than their parents. The Ragged School Union is proud of the part its boys of a decade ago are taking in this great war to end war, and the Shaftesbury Society and Ragged School Union are now serving the cause of many poor and suffering children, and they need help to maintain to the full all their activities. For the sake of patriotism as well as for the sake of Christian brotherhood, everyone should help to save the children. All donations should be sent *now* to Sir John Kirk, Shaftesbury Society and R.S.U., 32 John Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.

The East and the West

¶ "Oh, East is East and West is West, And never the twain shall meet" might be applied to the two extremities of London. Never has the contrast of poverty and wealth been more glaring than now, when high food prices are making it impossible for the children of the poor to get sufficient food—and managers of West End hotels are debating on what limit they can reasonably impose on the appetites of their patrons. Truly, we live in a strange world; there are 7,480 little children in Dr. Barnardo's Homes who need food this Christmastide, and close on 8,000 Barnardo boys are serving their country in the Army and Navy and mercantile marine. The Homes are caring for Tommy's bairns. Will you send them half a crown as a Christmas gift? It is little to those who have much and abundance to those who have little.

A Patriotic Production

¶ Glancing through the pictures of the "Abdulla" almanac for 1917 (published by the well-known cigarette specialists, Abdulla and Co., Ltd., 168 New Bond Street, W.) one's first impression is that Germany is up against something if the spirit of the Allied artists can be taken as symbolic of success, and who can doubt the issue of right over might in the long run? Let us hope that before we turn to the final page of this almanac we shall have an honourable peace. The pictures are very fine reproductions in colours and in black and white, executed by fourteen Allied and British artists. "Rule Britannia," the frontispiece, by E. A. Cox, is very inspiring, and January's picture by Paul Thiriat, "They shall not Pass," is eloquent of the spirit of France. Michael Sevier's "God and the Tsar"; Edouard J. Claes's "Unconquerable," for Belgium; "Avanti Savoia," for Italy, by Campestrini; and Kazunori Ishibashi's "The Old Warrior Spirit Awakes and Hearkens," for Japan, are all very impressive, and all the remaining examples of Allied art are exceptionally good. 20,000 copies are on sale at all tobacconists for the benefit of the Red Cross Society, or post free direct for 1*s*. 4*d*. a copy. A shilling will be paid to the Red Cross for every copy sold.

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Index to Vol. XXIII.

(July to December, 1916.)

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

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19 GARRICK ST., LONDON, W.C.

[*Facing first page.*

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
JANUARY, 1917

Roguery

By Ernest Blake

I HEARD an ouzel cock in April sing
"'Tis spring, 'tis spring!"
Pranked out in glossy black and gorget gay,
Oh, wild and roguish was his roundelay!
O'er moor and clough it rang;
A shaggy satyr pricked his ears, and sprang
Up from his heathery lair;
He spied a dryad dancing, limbs all bare,
Under a rowan tree;
I saw his green eyes glint with devilry,
And wilder rang
The ouzel's April song of roguery.

Niccolo Machiavelli

By Bernard Gilbert

From thy serene abode thou lookest down
With pitying eye upon a rabble rout
Who strive and plot and fight and turn about,
Endeavouring to seize some phantom crown, —
Whether of kingdom or of some small town,
Or village—or one single home—their own:
They stumble, and with hurried steps awry
Blindly they miss their opportunity;
Whilst, all the time, thy Golden Book is there,
Ripe with earth's wisdom; but they only stare
Or pass along with stupid scoff and curse,
Using thy name for "scoundrelly" or worse.

Of all those who have striven to endow
The world with garnered knowledge, only thou
Hast for so long endured of thorns the crown;
Beneath the feet of swine thy name is thrown:
And in the streets thy priceless wit doth lie;
So that, alone, the stooping passer-by
Undaunted by an epithet, may find,
And treasuring like gold seven times refined,
Open the casket with exultant air
To see the Pearl of Wisdom lying there.

The Price

By Henry Head

Night hovers blue above the sombre square,
The solitary amber lanterns throw
A soft penumbra on the path below,
And through the plumed pavilion of the trees
A solemn breeze
Bears faintly from the river midnight bells;
While at this peaceful hour my spirit tells
Its tale of arduous joys,
Pain conquered, Fear resolved, or Hope regained,
Swift recognition of some law divine,
Shy gratitude that could not be restrained,
All these were mine,
And so, supremely blest,
I sink to rest.

Through labyrinthine sleep I grope my way,
Feeble of purpose, sick at heart, and sure
Some unknown ill will lead my steps astray,
Till, cold and grey,
The dawn rays through my shuttered windows steal
And with closed eyes I thank my God for light,
For the fierce purpose of another day,
When work and thought forbid the heart to feel.

Sonnet

Death

By Edwin Faulkner

I CANNOT tell what Death in his closed hands
Holds fast: if Life within some ampler round,
Yet still to limit and occasion bound
(For Law binds still Life's multitudinous strands),
Or whether, as one lost in parching lands
Craves but one simple draught as the boon of Fate,
So may the gift that wearied Life demands
Be Sleep, sheer, absolute, inviolate.

But this I know: that when my little sheaves
Are garnered, and the softly-falling gloom
Mates the inevitably-waning sight,
I go ungrudgingly; as one that leaves
The heat and babble of a crowded room
And steps into the great, cool, silent night.

The Quarrel of the Crowd

By Captain, R.F.A.

HELLES, DECEMBER, 1915.

The crowd has quarrelled, and
Its bowels, with limbs and muscular endeavour,
Go shrieking on and on
Voicing the putrid filth of their interiors.

War! Ye Gods! What burning fires are these
Whose surging flames have shaken all stability
Of human thought. The very brains of man
Are dried and charred to dross
The temple's swept and scoured of all nobility.

This dross has even decomposed, and so
The temple's drowned in pools of jaundiced juice.
It casts a gloom of stagnant air around,
An' so the superstructure falls and rumbles to the ground.

The Shadow-line (v)

By Joseph Conrad

I HEARD the clatter of the scissors, noted the perilous heave of his whole person over the edge of the bunk, and then, returning to my first purpose, pursued my course on the deck. The sparkle of the sea filled my eyes. It was gorgeous and barren, monotonous and without hope under the empty curve of the sky. The sails hung motionless and slack, the very folds of their sagging surfaces moved no more than carved marble. The impetuosity of my advent made the man at the helm start slightly. A block aloft squeaked incomprehensibly, for what on earth could have made it do so? It was a whistling note like a bird's. For a long, long time I faced a silent world. I seemed to feel the infinity of the silence, through which the sunshine poured and flowed as if for a mysterious purpose. Then I heard Ransome's voice at my elbow.

"I have put Mr. Burns back to bed, Sir."

"You have."

"Well, Sir, he got out, all of a sudden, but when he let go of the edge of his bunk he fell down. He isn't light-headed, though, it seems to me."

"No," I said dully, without looking at Ransome. He waited for a moment at my elbow, then, cautiously as it were: "I don't think we need lose much of that stuff, Sir," he said, "I can sweep it up, every bit of it almost, and then we could sift the glass out. I will go about it at once, Sir. It will not make the breakfast late, not ten minutes."

"Oh, yes," I said bitterly. "Let the breakfast wait, sweep up every bit of it, and then throw the damned lot overboard!"

A profound silence ensued, and when I looked over my shoulder Ransome—the intelligent, serene Ransome—had vanished silently from my side. The intense loneliness of the sea seemed like poison to my brain. And when I

turned my eyes to the ship, I had a horrible vision of her as a floating grave. Who hasn't heard of ships found floating, haphazard, with their crews all dead? I looked at the seaman at the helm, I had an impulse to speak to him, and, indeed, his face took on an expectant cast as if he had guessed my intention. But in the end I went below, thinking I would be alone with the greatness of my trouble for a little while. But through his open door Mr. Burns saw me come down, and addressed me cheerily: "Well, Sir?"

I went in. "It isn't well at all," I said.

Mr. Burns, re-established in his bedplace, was nursing his hirsute cheek in his hand.

"That confounded fellow has taken away the scissors from me," were the next words he said.

The tension I was suffering from was so great that it was perhaps just as well that Mr. Burns had started on such a tack. He seemed very sore on the point and grumbled, "Does he think I am mad, or what?"

"I don't think so, Mr. Burns," I said. Indeed, I looked upon him at that moment as enviably sane. I even conceived on that account a sort of admiration for the man, who had (apart from the intense materiality of what was left of his beard) come as near to being a disembodied spirit as any man can do and live. I noticed the preternatural sharpness of the ridge of his nose, the deep cavities of his temples, and I envied him. He was so reduced that he would probably die very soon. Enviable man! So near extinction. While I felt within me a tumult of suffering vitality, doubt, confusion, self-reproach, and an indefinite reluctance to face the horrid logic of the situation, I could not help muttering: "I feel as if I were going mad myself."

Mr. Burns glared spectrally, but otherwise wonderfully composed.

"I always thought he would play us some deadly trick," he said, with a peculiar emphasis on the *he*.

It gave me a mental shock, but I had neither the mind, nor the heart, nor the spirit to argue with him. My danger was indifference. The creeping paralysis of a hopeless situation. So I only gazed at him. Mr. Burns broke into further speech.

"Eh! What! No! You won't believe it? Well, how do you account for this? How do you think it could have happened?"

"Happened?" I repeated dully. "Why, yes, how in the name of the infernal powers did this thing happen?"

Indeed, on thinking it out, it seemed incomprehensible that it should just be like this: the bottles emptied, refilled, rewrapped, and replaced. A sort of plot, a sinister attempt to deceive, a thing resembling sly vengeance, but for what? or else a fiendish joke. But Mr. Burns was in possession of a theory. It was simple, and he uttered it solemnly in a hollow voice.

"I suppose they have given him about twelve pounds in Haiphong for that little lot."

"Mr. Burns!" I cried.

He nodded grotesquely over his raised legs, like two broomsticks in the pyjamas, with enormous bare feet at the end.

"Why not? The stuff is pretty expensive in this part of the world, and they were very short of it in Tonkin. And what did he care? You have not known him. I have, and I have faced him. He feared neither God, nor devil, nor man, nor wind, nor sea, nor himself. And I believe he hated everybody and everything. But I think he was afraid to die. I believe I am the only man who ever faced him. I faced him in that cabin where you live now, when he was sick. I believe I frightened him then. He thought I was going to twist his neck for him. And if he had had his way we would be still beating up against the Nord-San monsoon, as long as he lived and afterwards too. Playing the Flying Dutchman in the China Sea! Ha! Ha!"

"But why should he replace the bottles like this?" . . . I began.

"Why shouldn't he? Why should he want to throw the bottles away? They fit the drawer. They belong to the medicine-chest."

"And they were wrapped up," I cried.

"Well, the paper was there. Did it from habit, I suppose, and as to refilling, there is always a lot of stuff they send in parcels that burst after a time. And then,

who can tell? I suppose you didn't taste it, Sir? But, of course, you are sure . . ."

"No," I said. "I didn't taste it. It is all overboard now."

Behind me, a soft, cultivated voice said: "I have tasted it. It seemed a mixture of all sorts, sweetish, saltish, very horrible."

Ransome, stepping out of the pantry, had been listening for some time, as it was very excusable in him to do.

"A dirty trick," said Mr. Burns. "I always said he would."

The magnitude of my indignation was unbounded. And the kind, sympathetic doctor too. The only sympathetic man I ever knew . . . instead of writing that warning letter, the very refinement of sympathy, why didn't the man make a proper inspection? But, as a matter of fact, it was hardly fair to blame the doctor. The fittings were in order and the medicine-chest is an officially arranged affair. There was nothing to the sight apt to arouse the slightest suspicion. The person I could never forgive was myself. Nothing should ever be taken for granted. The seed was sown of everlasting remorse.

"I feel it's all my fault," I exclaimed, "mine, and nobody else's. That's how I feel. I shall never forgive myself."

"That's very foolish, Sir," said Mr. Burns fiercely.

And after this effort he fell back exhausted on his bed. He closed his eyes, he panted; this affair, this abominable affair had shaken him up too. As I turned away I perceived Ransome looking at me blankly. He appreciated what it meant, but he managed to produce his pleasant, wistful smile. Then he stepped back into his pantry, and I rushed up on deck again to see whether there was any wind, any breath under the sky, any stir of the air, any sign of hope. A most deadly stillness met me. Nothing was changed except that there was a different man at the wheel. He looked ill. His whole figure drooped, and he seemed rather to cling to the spokes than hold them with a controlling grip. I said to him:

"You are not fit to be here."

"I can manage, Sir," he said feebly.

As a matter of fact, there was nothing for him to do.

The ship had no steerage way. She lay with her head to the westward, the everlasting Koh-ring visible over the stern, with a few small islets, black spots in the great blaze, swimming before my troubled eyes. And but for those bits of land there was no speck on the sky, nor speck on the water, no shape of vapour, no wisp of smoke, no sail, no boat, no stir of humanity, no sign of life, nothing!

The first question was, what to do? What could one do? The first thing to do obviously was to tell the men. I did it that very day. I wasn't going to let the knowledge simply get about. I would face them. They were assembled on the quarter-deck for the purpose. Just before I stepped out to speak to them I felt that life could hold no more terrible moments. No confessed criminal had ever been so oppressed by his sense of guilt. This is why, perhaps, my face was set hard and my voice curt and unemotional when making my declaration that I could do nothing more for the sick.

I would have held them justified in tearing me limb from limb. The silence which followed upon my words was almost harder to bear than any violence. I was crushed by the infinite depth of its reproach. But, as a matter of fact, I was mistaken. In a voice which I had great difficulty in keeping firm, I went on: "I suppose, men, you have understood what I said, and you know what it means."

A voice or two was heard: "Yes, Sir . . . we understand."

They had kept silent simply because they thought that they were not called to say anything; and when I told them that I intended to run into Singapore and that the best chance for the ship and the men was in the efforts all of us, sick and well, had to make to get her along out of this, I received the encouragement of a low assenting murmur and of a louder voice exclaiming: "Surely there is a way out of this blaméd hole."

Here is an extract from the notes I wrote at the time.

"We have lost Koh-ring at last. For many days now I don't think I have been two hours below. Altogether I remain on deck, of course, night and day, and the nights and the days wheel over us in succession, whether long or short, who can say? The notion of time is lost in the monotony of expectation, of hope, and of desire—which is

only one: get the ship to the southward! Get the ship to the southward! The effect is curiously mechanical; the sun climbs and descends, the night swings over our heads as if somebody below the horizon were turning a crank. It is the pettiest, the most aimless! . . . and all through that miserable performance I go on, tramping, tramping the deck. How many miles have I walked on the poop of that ship! A strange pilgrimage of sheer restlessness, diversified by short excursions below to look upon Mr. Burns. I don't know whether it is an illusion, but he seems to become more substantial from day to day. He doesn't say much, for, indeed, the situation doesn't lend itself to casual remarks. I notice this even with the men as I watch them moving or sitting about the decks. They don't talk to each other. It strikes me that if there exist an invisible ear catching the whispers of the earth, it will find this ship the most silent spot on it.

"No, Mr. Burns has not much to say to me. He sits in his bunk with his beard gone, his moustaches flaming, and with an air of silent determination on his features. Ransome tells me he devours all the food that is given him to the last scrap, but that, apparently, he sleeps very little. Even at night, when I go below to fill my pipe, I notice that, though lying flat on his back, he still appears very determined. From the side glance he gives me it seems as though he were annoyed at being interrupted in some arduous mental performance; and as I pass up on deck the ordered arrangement of the stars meets my eye, unclouded, infinitely wearisome. There they are: stars, sun, sea, light, darkness, space, great waters; the formidable work of the seven days, into which mankind seems to have blundered unbidden. Or else decoyed. Even as I have been decoyed into this awful, this terrible command. . . ."

The only spot of light in the ship at night was that of the compass-lamps, lighting up the faces of the succeeding helmsmen; for the rest we were lost in the darkness, I walking the poop and the men lying about the decks. They were all so reduced by sickness that no watches could be kept. All who were able to walk remained all the time on duty, lying about in the shadows of the main deck, till my voice raised for an order would bring them to their enfeebled feet, a tottering little group, moving

silently about the ship, with hardly a murmur, a whisper amongst them all. And every time I had to raise my voice it was with a pang of remorse and pity.

Then about four o'clock in the morning a light would gleam forward in the galley. The unfailing Ransome with the uneasy heart, immune, serene, and active, was getting ready the early coffee for the men. Presently he would bring me a cup up on the poop, and it was then that I allowed myself to drop into my deck chair for a couple of hours of real sleep. No doubt I must have been snatching short dozes when leaning against the rail for a moment in sheer weariness; but, honestly, I was not aware of them, except in the painful convulsive form of starts that seemed to come on me even while I walked. From about five, however, until seven I would sleep openly under the fading stars.

I would say to the helmsman: "Call me at need," and drop into that chair and close my eyes, feeling that there was no more sleep for me on earth. And then I would know nothing till some time between seven and eight I would feel a touch on my shoulder and look up at Ransome's face, with its faint, wistful smile and friendly, grey eyes, as though he were tenderly amused at my slumbers. Occasionally the second mate would come up and relieve me at the early coffee time. But it didn't really matter. Generally it was a dead calm, or else faint airs so changing and fugitive that it really wasn't worth while to touch a brace for them. If the air steadied at all the seaman at the helm could be trusted for a warning shout: "Ship's all aback, Sir!" which like a trumpet-call would make me spring a foot above the deck. Those were the words which it seemed to me would have made me spring up from eternal sleep. But this was not often. I have never met since such breathless sunrises. And if the second mate happened to be there (he had generally one day in three free of fever) I would find him sitting on the skylight half-senseless, as it were, and with a horribly empty gaze fastened on some object near by—a rope, a cleat, or a belaying pin.

That young man was rather troublesome. He remained cubbish in his sufferings. He seemed to have become completely imbecile; and when the return of fever drove him

to his cabin below the next thing would be that we would miss him from there. The first time it happened Ransome and I were very much alarmed. We started a quiet search and ultimately Ransome discovered him lying asleep in the sail-locker, which opened into the lobby by a sliding-door. When remonstrated with, he muttered sullenly: "It's cool in here." That wasn't true. It was only dark there.

The essential vulgarity of his face was not improved by its uniform livid hue. The disease brought out its low type in a startling way. It was not so with many of the men. The wastage of ill-health seemed to idealise the general character of the features, bringing out the unsuspected nobility of some, the strength of others, and in one case revealing an essentially comic aspect. He was a gingery, active man with a nose of the Punch type, and whom his shipmates called "Frenchy." I don't know why. He may have been a Frenchman, but I have never heard him utter a single word in French.

To see him coming aft to the wheel comforted one. The blue dungaree trousers turned up the calf, one leg a little higher than the other, the clean check shirt, the white canvas cap, evidently made by himself, had something smart in it, and the invincible jauntiness of his step, even, poor fellow, when he couldn't help tottering, told of his invincible spirit. There was also a man called Smith. He was the only grizzled person in the ship. His face was of an austere type. But if I remember all their faces, wasting tragically before my eyes, most of their names have vanished from my memory.

The words that passed between us were few and puerile in face of the situation. I had to force myself to look them in the face. I expected to meet reproachful glances. There were none. The expression of suffering in their eyes was indeed hard enough to bear. But that they couldn't help. For the rest, I ask myself whether it was the temper of their souls or the dullness of their imagination that made them so wonderful, so worthy of my undying regard.

For myself, neither my soul was highly tempered nor my imagination properly under control. There were moments when I felt, not only that I would go mad, but

that I had gone mad already; so that I dared not open my lips for fear of betraying myself by some insane shriek. Luckily I had only orders to give, and an order has a steadying influence upon him who has to give it. Moreover, the seaman, the officer of the watch in me, was perhaps sane. I was like a mad carpenter making a box. Were he ever so convinced that he was King of Jerusalem, the box he would make would be a sane box. What I feared was a shrill note escaping me involuntarily and upsetting my balance. Luckily, again, there was no necessity to raise one's voice. The brooding stillness of the world seemed sensitive to the slightest sound like a whispering gallery. The conversational tone would almost carry a word from one end of the ship to the other. The terrible thing was that the only voice that I ever heard was my own. At night especially it vibrated very lonely amongst the planes of the unstirring sails.

Mr. Burns, still keeping to his bed with that air of secret determination, was moved to complain of the silence. Our interviews were short five-minute affairs, but fairly frequent. I was everlastingly diving down below to light my pipe. Truly, I did not smoke much at that time. The thing was always going out; for indeed my mind was not composed enough to enable me to get a decent smoke. Likewise, for most of the time during the twenty-four hours I could have struck matches on deck and held them aloft till the flame burnt my fingers. But I always used to run below for a change. It was the only break in the constant strain; and, of course, Mr. Burns through the open door could see me come in and go out every time.

With his knees gathered up under his chin and staring with his greenish eyes over them, he was a weird figure, and with my knowledge of the crazy notion in his head, not a very attractive one for me. Still, I had to speak to him now and then, and one day he complained that the ship was very silent. For hours and hours, he said, he was lying there, not hearing a sound, till he did not know what to do with himself.

"When Ransome happens to be forward in his galley everything's so still that one might think everybody in the ship was dead," he grumbled. "The only voice I do hear sometimes is yours, Sir, and that isn't enough to cheer me

up. What's the matter with them? Isn't there one left that can sing out at the ropes?"

"Not one, Mr. Burns," I said. "There is no breath to spare on board this ship for that. Are you aware that there are times when I can't muster more than three men to do anything?"

He asked swiftly:

"Nobody dead yet, Sir?"

"No."

"It wouldn't do," Mr. Burns declared forcibly. "Mustn't let him. If he gets hold of one he will get them all."

I cried out at him for this. I believe I even swore at the insidious effect of his words. I felt that they attacked all the self-possession that was left to me. In my endless vigil in the face of the enemy I had been haunted by gruesome images enough. I had had visions of a ship drifting in calms and swinging in light airs, with all her crew lying dead about her decks. Such things had been known to happen.

Mr. Burns met my outburst by a mysterious silence.

"Look here," I said. "You don't believe yourself what you say. You can't. It's impossible. It isn't the sort of thing I have a right to expect from you. My position's bad enough without your ghastly imaginings."

He remained unmoved. On account of the way in which the light fell on his head I could not be sure whether he had smiled faintly or not. I changed my tone.

"Listen," I said. "It's getting so desperate that I had thought for a moment, since we can't make our way south, whether I wouldn't try to steer west and make an attempt to reach the mail-boat track. We could always get some quinine from her, at least. What do you think?"

He cried out: "No, no, no. Don't do that, Sir. You mustn't for a moment give up facing that old ruffian. If you don't he will get the upper hand of us."

I left him. He was impossible. It was like a case of possession. His protest, however, was essentially reasonable. As a matter of fact, my notion of standing out westward on the chance of sighting a problematical steamer could not bear calm examination. On the side where we were we had enough wind, at least from time to time, to

struggle on towards the south. Enough, at least, to keep hope alive. But suppose that I had used those capricious gusts of wind to sail away to the westward, into some region where there was not a breath of air for days on end, what then? Perhaps my horrible vision of a ship floating with a dead crew would become a reality for the discovery weeks afterwards of some horror-stricken mariners.

That afternoon Ransome brought me up a cup of tea, and while waiting there, tray in hand, he remarked:

"You are holding out well, Sir."

"Yes," I said. "You and I seem to have been forgotten."

"Forgotten, Sir?"

"Yes, by that fever-devil who has got on board ship," I said.

Ransome gave me one of his sympathetic, intelligent smiles and went away with the tray. It occurred to me that I had been talking somewhat in Mr. Burns' manner. It annoyed me. Yet often in darker moments I forgot myself into an attitude towards our troubles more fit for a contest against a living enemy.

Yes. The fever-devil had not laid his hand yet either on Ransome or on me. But he might at any time. It was one of those thoughts one had to fight down, keep at arm's length at any cost. It was unbearable to contemplate the possibility of Ransome, the housekeeper of the ship, being laid low. And what would happen to my command if I got knocked over, with Mr. Burns too weak to stand without holding on to his bedplace and the second mate reduced to a state of permanent imbecility? It was impossible to imagine, or, rather, it was only too easy to imagine.

I was alone on the poop. The ship having no steerage way, I had sent the helmsman away to sit down or lie down somewhere in the shade. The men's strength was so reduced that all unnecessary call on it had to be avoided. It was the austere Smith with the grizzly beard. He went away readily enough, but he was so weakened by repeated bouts of fever, poor fellow, that in order to get down the poop ladder he had to turn sideways and hang on with both hands to the brass rail. It was just simply heart-breaking to see. Yet he was neither very much worse

nor much better than most of the half-dozen miserable victims I could muster up on deck.

It was a terribly lifeless afternoon. For several days in succession now low clouds had appeared in the distance, white masses with dark convolutions resting on the water, motionless, almost solid, and yet all the time changing their aspects subtly. Towards evening they vanished generally. But this day they awaited the setting sun, which glowed and smouldered sulkily amongst them before it sank down. The punctual and wearisome stars reappeared over our mast-heads, but the air remained stagnant and oppressive.

The unfailing Ransome lighted the compass lamps and glided, all shadowy, up to me.

"Will you go down and eat something, Sir?" he suggested.

His low voice startled me. I had been standing looking out over the rail, saying nothing, feeling nothing, not even the weariness of my limbs, overcome by the evil spell.

"Ransome," I asked abruptly, "how long have I been on deck? I am losing the notion of time."

"Twelve days, Sir," he said, "and it's just a fortnight since we left the anchorage."

His equable voice sounded mournful somehow. He waited a bit, then added: "It's the first time that it looks as if we were to have some rain."

I noticed then the broad shadow on the horizon. It ringed the ship, extinguishing the low stars completely, while those overhead, when I looked up, seemed to shine down on us through a veil of smoke.

How it got there, how it had crept up so high, I couldn't say. It had an ominous appearance. The air did not stir. At a renewed invitation from Ransome I did go down into the cabin to—in his words—"try and eat something." I don't know that the trial was very successful. I suppose at that period of my life I did consume some food, but the memory is now that in those days life was sustained on invincible anguish, as a sort of infernal stimulant exciting and consuming at the same time.

It's the only period of my life in which I kept a sort of diary. No, not the only one. Years later, in conditions

of moral isolation, I did put down on paper the thoughts and events of a score of days. But this was the first time. I don't remember how it came about or how the pocket-book and the pencil came into my hands. It's inconceivable that I should have looked for them on purpose. I suppose they saved me from the crazy trick of talking to myself.

Strangely enough, in both cases I took to that sort of thing in circumstances in which I did not expect, in colloquial phrase, "to come out of it." Neither could I expect the record to outlast me. This shows that it was purely a personal need for intimate relief and not a call of egotism.

Here I must give another sample of it, a few detached lines, now looking very ghostly to my own eyes, out of the part scribbled that very evening:—

"There is something going on in the sky like a decomposition, like a corruption of the air, which remains as still as ever. After all, mere clouds, which may or may not hold wind or rain. Strange that it should trouble me so. I feel as if all my sins had found me out. But I suppose the trouble is that the ship is still lying motionless, not under command; and that I have nothing to do to keep my imagination from running wild amongst the disastrous images of the worst that may befall us. What's going to happen? Probably nothing. Or anything. It may be a furious squall coming, butt end foremost. And on deck there are five men with the vitality and the strength of, say, two. We may have all our sails blown away. Every stitch of canvas had been set ever since we broke ground at the mouth of the Mei-nam, fifteen days ago . . . or fifteen centuries. It seems to me that all my life before that momentous day is infinitely remote, a fading memory of light-hearted youth, something on the other side of a shadow. Yes, sails may very well be blown away. And that would be deadly. We haven't strength enough on board to bend another suit; incredible thought, but it is true. Or we may even get dismasted. Ships have been dismasted in squalls simply because they weren't handled quick enough, and we have no strength to whirl the yards around. It's like being bound hand and foot to have one's throat cut. And what appals me most of all is that I

shrink from going on deck to face it. It's due to the ship, it's due to the men who are there on deck—some of them, ready to put out the last remnant of their strength at a word from me. And I am shrinking from it. From the mere vision. My first command. Now I understand that strange sense of insecurity in my past. I always thought I was no good. And here is proof positive. I am shirking it. I am no good."

At that moment, or, perhaps, the moment after, I became aware of Ransome standing in the cabin. Something in his expression startled me. It had a meaning which I could not make out. I exclaimed:

"Somebody's dead."

It was his turn then to look startled.

"Dead? Not that I know of, Sir. I have been in the forecastle only ten minutes ago and there was no dead man there then."

"You did give me a scare," I said.

His voice was extremely pleasant to listen to. He explained that he had come down below to close Mr. Burns' port in case it should come on to rain. He did not know that I was in the cabin, he added.

"How does it look outside?" I asked him.

"Very black indeed, Sir. There is something in it for certain."

"In what quarter?" I asked.

"All round, Sir."

I repeated idly: "All round. For certain," with my elbows on the table.

Ransome lingered in the cabin as if he had something to do there, but hesitated about doing it. I said suddenly:

"You think I ought to be on deck?"

He answered at once, but without any particular emphasis or accent: "I do, Sir."

I got to my feet briskly, and he made way for me to go out. As I passed through the lobby I heard Mr. Burns' voice saying:

"Shut the door of my room, will you, steward?" And Ransome's rather surprised: "Certainly, Sir."

I thought that all my feelings had been dulled into complete indifference. But certainly I found it trying to be on deck. The impenetrable blackness beset the ship

so close that it seemed that by thrusting one's hand over the side one could touch something solid. There was in it an effect of inconceivable terror and of inexpressible mystery. The few stars overhead, extremely brilliant by contrast, shed a dim light upon the ship alone, with no gleams of any kind upon the water, in detached shafts piercing an atmosphere which had turned to soot. It was something I had never seen before, giving no hint of the direction from which any change would come, the closing in of a menace from all sides.

There was still no man at the helm. The immobility of all things was perfect. If the air had turned black, the sea, for all I knew, might have turned solid. It was no good looking in any direction, watching for any sign, speculating upon the nearness of the moment. When the time came the blackness would overwhelm silently the bit of starlight falling upon the ship, and the end of all things would come without a sigh, stir, or murmur of any kind, and all our hearts would cease to beat like run-down clocks.

It was impossible to shake off that impression. The quietness that came over me was like a foretaste of annihilation. It gave me a sort of comfort, as though my soul had been suddenly reconciled to an eternity of blind stillness.

The seaman's instinct alone survived whole in my moral dissolution. I descended the ladder to the quarter-deck. The starlight seemed to die out before reaching that spot, but when I asked quietly: "Are you there, men?" my eyes made out shadowy forms starting up around me, very few, very indistinct; and a voice spoke: "All there, Sir." And another added:

"Those that are any good for anything."

Both voices were very quiet and ringing without any special intonation of readiness or discouragement. Very matter-of-fact voices.

"We must try to haul this mainsail up," I said.

The shadows swayed away from me without a word. Those men were the ghosts of themselves, and their weight on a rope was no more than the weight of a bunch of ghosts. Indeed, if ever a sail was hauled up by spiritual means it must have been that sail, for, properly speaking, there was not muscle enough for the work in the whole

lot of us. Of course, I went to work with them. We went from rope to rope, stumbling and panting. They toiled like Titans. We were half-an-hour at it at least, and all the time the black universe made no sound. When the last rope was made fast, my eyes, accustomed to the darkness, made out exhausted forms of men drooping over the rails, collapsed on hatches. One hung over the after-capstan. And I stood amongst them like a tower of strength, impervious to disease and feeling only the sickness of my soul. I waited for some time fighting against the weight of my sins, against my sense of unworthiness, and then I said:

"Now, men, we'll go aft and square the mainyard. That's about all we can do for the ship; and for the rest she must take her chance."

(To be continued.)

Cornwall

By Arthur Symons

I.

LAMB was a lover of streets, of the streets of London; and in Lamb London found its one poet. His sense of rapture for London, shown in one of his impassioned pages (a lover's catalogue), is certainly wonderful. "The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street, the innumerable traders, tradesmen and customers, coaches and waggons, playhouses, all the bustle and wickedness, round about Covent Garden, the very women of the town, the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night, the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street, the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the quaint shops, the old bookstall, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steam of soup from kitchens, the pantomime, London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind and feed me, without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fullness of joy at so much life."

I also have shared his love of exploring cities chiefly by night. For, as I have written, in regard to my love of cities: "Certain cities—Rome, Seville, Venice—how I have loved them; what a delight it was to me merely to be alive and living in them; and what a delight it is to me to think of them, to imagine myself in their streets and on their waters." There is a sense of *la vraie vérité*: the evocation of cities, streets, islands, the sea, my own sensations and the judgment of my senses.

Here, for instance, is my first impression of Venice, Venice at night: "Coming in the train from Milan we

seemed for the last ten minutes to be rushing straight into the sea. On each side was water, nothing but water, stretching out vaguely under the pale evening light; and at first there was not a sign of land ahead. Then a wavering line, with dark ships and thin shafts of rigging, came out against the horizon, like the first glimpse of an island; the line broadened, lights began to leap, and a great warehouse, glowing like a furnace, grew up solidly out of the water. We were in Venice."

In Venice, if one walks on foot, one has to find one's way through a labyrinth of streets and bridges; nor was I ever in my life more amused than on that adventurous night when, after plunging into unknown ways, I came on the miraculous San Marco. Nor can I ever forget Le Puy-en-Velay, a town stuck like a limpet on a rock, the main part of which clings to the side of the hill on which the monstrous statue desecrates the sky. Inside the town, winding through crooked, ill-paved streets on irregular levels, or coming out upon the boulevard which brought me, whenever I followed it, suddenly into the open country or into one of those vast, ruddy-sanded, desolate squares, like the squares of Moscow, only that these are closed in by high superincumbent circles of hillside, I could not escape the statue. So that intolerable statue, which one cannot escape and which hides or defaces the sky itself, seemed to me to sum up, in its colossal triviality, the worst of what one leaves great cities to escape—that encroachment upon one of small, material things magnified until they are mistaken for life itself.

When I think of Arles, I remember how I drove up to the Hôtel de Forum, uphill, where the cab rattled round twenty sharp angles in the midst of narrow streets on that perilous journey. Yet, in spite of Arles being as much a dead city as Toledo, one goes there, and admits that one goes, for the sake of the women; for Arles has the extraordinary distinction of existing on the fame of its beautiful women. It was in Fowey that I was strongly reminded of Arles, as the little omnibus turned and twisted through streets so narrow that the people had sometimes to get into doorways to let it pass; there, I said to myself: "Somehow I seem to be entering Arles!" And there was something strangely familiar in the southern heat in this little

town of old houses. Yet, when I walked along the roads, looking down on the sea through trees and tall bright flowers and green foliages, I could have fancied myself in Naples, walking along the terrace-roads at Posilippo.

Alicante, in the south of Spain, is a rough, violent little place, still barbarous. The streets, rising from about the harbour, beyond the one or two regular level streets of shops, are planted as irregularly as the streets of St. Ives or of Le Puy. Often steps lead from one level to another, and houses are of different heights, thrown together at random—a one-storeyed house by the side of a three-storeyed house; and they rise and dwindle upwards and downwards until they seem to merge imperceptibly into the hill itself. But Elche, a little rocky town of palms, is really Africa in Spain. High up a bare, crumbling bank, rising from the yellow river, where lines of stooping women are pounding clothes, one sees, looking from the bridge, a crowd of squat, white square houses, set one beside and above another, blank walls with a few barred holes for windows; above, a blue-domed church that might be a mosque. Toledo—one of the most individual cities in Europe—is set on a high and bare rock, above a river broken by sounding weirs, in the midst of a sombre and rocky land. With its high, windowless walls, which keep their own secrets, its ascents and descents, through narrow passage-ways between miles of twisting grey stone, it seems to be encrusted upon the rock, like a fantastic natural product.

Cordova goes up sheer from the riverside, above a broken wall, and in a huddle of mean houses, with so lamentably picturesque an air that no one would expect to find, inside that rough exterior, such neat, clean, shining streets, kept, even in the poorest quarters, with so admirable a care, and so bright with flowers and foliage in patios and on upper balconies. At night Cordova sleeps early; a few central streets are still busy with people, but the rest are all deserted, the houses look empty, there is an almost oppressive silence. Only, here and there, as one passes heedlessly along a quiet street, one comes suddenly upon a cloaked figure, with a broad-brimmed hat, leaning against the bars of a window, and one may catch sight, through the bars, of a vivid face, dark hair, and a rose in the hair.

Yes, after all, there are certain resemblances in Corn-

wall with certain parts of Spain. I have compared Alicante with St. Ives; certainly characteristically Cornish in its sense of strangeness, of singularity; yet there, as in Spain, the same tortuous, narrow streets on irregular levels go up and down. For at whatever height one climbs to, at whatever depth one descends, there is some new aspect. Again, there is somewhat the same curve in this white town, with its feet in the sea. There is the vast harbour, where the convulsed waves hurl themselves on the very edge of the houses, splashing them with foam; there is the immense violence of this not quite insidious surge of the elements; the flocks of sea-gulls, the boats that sway on the water, the wind that lashes our faces. There is a certain sordidness in the sailor's quarter; there is a certain tormented air in people's faces. The air invigorates one's senses, one's sensations; even in a sense of the coming of winter, when the air grows chill, with that intense cold that seems to come down out of the sky; when one has the feeling of the earth, its sodden soil, its mists and rains, its desolate casting away of the last ruined splendours of late autumn; when one hears the melancholy crying of birds in the night over the brown wrinkled fields.

II.

At Boscastle, as at Tintagel, we are in the world of Old Romance. From the height from which one looks steep down into a ghastly gulley, haunted by few birds, on the right, across a narrow harbour, rises a romantic summit carved by nature into strange shapes. An image sprang into my mind—Coleridge's, in his "Kubla Khan":—

> "But, oh, that deep romantic chasm which slanted
> Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cavern.
> A savage place! as holy and enchanted
> As ever beneath a waking moon was haunted
> By woman wailing for her demon-lover."

Here one's senses are bewildered by certain extravagances of aspects as one sees these two unequal heights, grim guardians of the coast; and, beyond, the unresting sea; in winter storm-winged, in autumn savage. In all this splendour there is no luxuriance, no sense of anything but of the change of seasons and of tides; this coast so perilous

to sailors. On nights of utter darkness, when the winds howl an unearthly music across the heaving waves and one's ears are dinned by a great multitude of noises, it seems a God-forsaken kind of land.

From Boscastle to Tintagel one walks along the cliffs —a rough path, that has many twists and turnings. Tintagel, enormous, old as the world, on the iron-bound coast of Cornwall, sheer down on the Atlantic, where the sea is never quiet, where the waves roar in the murky caves, where the white foam lashes the cliffs; this monstrous sea-scarred, sea-swept barrier against eternity is certainly, with Land's End and Inishmore on the Aran Island, a menace and a wonder.

At Land's End nothing is around one but naked land, nothing in front of one but a brief foothold of rocky cliff, and then the whole sea, where one's eyes are satiated. And the land, too, has in it something primeval. On this height one seems to stand among fragments of the making of the world. From Inishmore, as one looks down over all that emptiness of sea, one imagines the long-oared galleys of the ravaging kings who had lived there some hundreds of years before the birth of Christ, and the emptiness of the fortress filled with long-haired warriors coming back from the galleys with captured slaves, and cattle, and the spoil of citadels. We know from the Bardic writers that a civilisation, similar to that of the Homeric poems, lived on in Ireland almost to the time of the coming of St. Patrick, and it was with something of the sensation of Homer—the walls of Troy, the horses, and that "face that launched a thousand ships"—which came to me as I stood upon those unconquerable walls to which a generation of men had been as a moth's flight, and a hundred years as a generation of men.

When the fires of the sunset shine on the ruinous walls of Tintagel—sombre, formidable, malevolent, impregnable —these take on aspects of a curious blending of light and shade; every jagged outline is seen distinct, like the jagged curves of the Apennines I have seen, sharp on the sea, at Rimini. Here the colours change, fade; become sinister, ominous as the light wanes, and these uncouth, giant-like shapes remain tenebrous.

But when the terror of the night is upon us and the

wind shakes the waves into surging white mouths of foam and cries desolately across these naked heights; when one hears the sea-gulls scream—

> "As if these windy bodies with the sea's
> Unfriended heart within them for a voice
> Have turned to mock one:"

then one's imagination is stirred, stirred to exult with these exultant, destroying, unappeasable elements.

For, does not the wind wander as it asks, in an unknown tongue, infinite unimaginable things? Does not the sea threaten us with some sudden death (beyond that "lawless and uncertain thought" one "imagines howling") out of the deadly air? Do not even the sea-gulls shake over us their sorrowful laughter?

III.

Coming in the train across the long bridge over the River Tamar, Devonshire is behind us and we are in Cornwall. Suddenly all changes. One is in the midst of wild Nature, unspoilt, untilled, with vast woods, deep ravines; everywhere water and rivulets. And here begins a kind of savagery, a luxuriance, a strangeness; something utterly unlike any part of England. One passes by the stone hedges, where weeds grow, seeing those quaint and original Cornish stone stiles, made certainly like little works of art. Then came the sullen lands, sinister in aspect, uncouth, with snake-like roads; whole forests climb up hills; then, all on the sudden, beds of purple heather. And, as one gets more into the heart of Cornwall, one sees on either side whole masses of gorse and heather, like some wonderful old French tapestry—but a living and a scented one.

On a certain wonderful afternoon we were driven, forty miles and back, from Penzance to Boscastle. We passed across glorious wild moorlands crowned with living carpets of heather; deep valleys sunk between hills, narrow lanes, vistas of the sea; one smelt the strong scent of the leaves, that acrid scent that rises out of the earth—intoxicating, in a sense, but with none of the luxurious intoxication of heather. And on the way back, as the night darkened, we saw the fiery-coloured sunset fading into colour after

colour: now a Turner, now a Blake. We drove right on the sunset.

And this recalled to me, in strong contrast, a drive I had in Ireland, from Tillyra Castle to Kinvara. In the afternoon we drove through a strange land, which has the desolation of ancient and dwindling things; a grey land, into which human life comes rarely, and with a certain primitive savagery. As we drive seawards the stone walls closing in the woods dwindle into low, roughly-heaped hedges of unmortared stones, over which only an occasional cluster of trees lifts itself; and the trees strain wildly in the air, writhing away from the side of the sea, when the winds from the Atlantic have blown upon them and transfixed them in an eternity of flight from an eternal flagellation.

At Lamorna, the most desolate place I have ever seen in Cornwall, as I gazed down from the cliff into the stormy waves that heaved in a tumultuous passion against the grim rocks, there came over me that curious sensation (certainly known to Borrow) of the terror of the abyss, *épris de l'horreur de l'abîme*. That same sensation came over me in Venice in 1895 as I walked along the Zattere; for that dead lagoon has a haunting fascination in its depths; it has dragged many live souls into it. At Lamorna I imagined drowned creatures, swirled down to the bottom of the sea: an instant, and all is over.

Overhead I saw a few sea-gulls fly at an immense height, poised in that utter, indolent, inhuman indifference to all lives but their own. They cried their cry out of their savage throats. as if they had a very hunger for the utterance. I wondered then, as the sea shouted its everlasting cry, whether the sea hates the earth; for, as one supposes, the earth hates nothing. I thought then of a line of Rossetti's:—

"When the dishevelled seaweed hates the sea:"

which gives one the vision of the sea hurling the reluctant seaweed back on the shifting sands.

I was curious enough to watch from the cliffs at Penzance, hour after hour, from morn to night, the sea's changes. One morning I saw the waves tossing restlessly; the whole sea moving, as if the depths under it moved too. Even when there was not wind enough to ridge the water

into separate waves, some energy seemed to shoulder up through the surface and push for shore. Here form and colour change at every instant, and, if they return again, one is not conscious of the repetition, but some happy accident of wind or tide or sunlight always brings in its own variation.

On certain sunsets the sea is a shining floor on which the marvel of the sunset is built up; when the colour changes from lilac into rose; where the sea lies like a field of heather washed by the rain, the sun shining into every raindrop. One night there was a bitter wind blowing, which caught on one furiously as one came to the edge of the cliff. The setting sun shrivelled the ragged edges of the storm-clouds; the sea darkened into a sullen colour, as of molten lead. Overhead a vivid darkness hung, weighing heavily on sea and land. After the sun had gone down into the water a bright flame licked up the lowest edge of sky, and ran there like travelling from behind the tree-trunks and bushes. And, as I walked back, the moon shone in the sky—not quite the natural moon, but Browning's :—

> "Out there came
> A moon made like a face with certain spots
> Multiform, manifold and menacing :
> Then a wind rose behind me."

I have always believed that the ship's beauty was lost when sails went and masts went, and when steamers took their place. Yet much of the ship's beauty remains; or at least so it certainly did when I was in Spain. And these are exactly my sensations of one morning at Alicante. I had seen the fishing-boats coming home, like great white birds, one after the other, with wings lifted. Never was there a harbour so delicate, so elegant, with its whiteness, the exquisite lines which the bare masts and yardarms make against the palm trees. Ships there are what they should be—the humanising of the sea's beauty; and they are still as much as ever a part of the sea as they are lifted on those moving tides, inside the harbour and along the quay. That night as I watched them there was a sunset blackening the West with darkness and devouring the darkness with flame.

A Rag-time Hero

By Gilbert Frankau

ADJUTANTS are the curse of the New Armies; artillery adjutants being the rule rather than the exception. It is a legend that, in the days before war, when the Army was "The Service," "the adjutant" was an imposing and efficient soldier, at whose frown subalterns quaked and even regimental sergeant-majors trembled—but this is only a legend. Now, at any rate, the adjutant is known as the "colonel's head clerk," which, although not entirely accurate (the colonel's clerk being usually an honest corporal who does all the work for which the adjutant draws the pay), is nevertheless sufficiently apt.

Lieut. and Adjutant John Egerton Molesworthy, R.F.A., had occupied a "cushy" corner of France nearly four months; he had played a long-distance *rôle* in one minor operation, written "Passed to you for immediate action, please," not less than four thousand times, and procured fish for his colonel's dinner at least once a fortnight. *Ergo et propter hoc*, he was the first subaltern in the 777th Brigade to be granted "leave."

Isobel Gracefield, before she married and took a retiring maisonnette in Brightmouth-on-Sea, had been . . . but this is a short story, not a problem novel. She *was* an auburn-haired attraction with a talent for letter-writing and a genius for the fox-trot. In the happy days when neither horses nor guns yet marred the tranquillity of its existence, the 777th Brigade was billeted in Brightmouth; and there John Egerton, in the glossiest of unserviceable field-boots, had esquired Isobel more than once to the Grand Hotel. The rest, from the first "Dear boy, I can hardly realise you are out there, and in danger," to the penultimate "And I am really going to see you again in ten days?" (underlined), had been accomplished through the Army Postal Corps. Resultantly John Egerton Moles-

worthy's leave came to its official end in a Hampshire village on the last day of December; and his father gave him a cheque, and his mother said: "They might at least have let him see New Year in with me"—and Isobel Gracefield took an Embankment suite at the Savoy Hotel. All of which was, it is to be hoped, much more innocent than it appeared.

John Egerton Molesworthy was still young enough, at twenty-two, to take tea in the lounge of the Piccadilly Hotel and to take it in khaki.

"Tell me," murmured Isobel, as her slim white hands played with the china cups, "tell me all your adventures."

John Egerton told her: modestly as befits a hero, fully as befits a lover. Fired by the spark of his lady's eyes, shells hurled through his sentences, bullets punctuated each disingenuous paragraph. Under the glamour of her admiration, the "cook's cart," with which he fetched the colonel's fish and vegetables, became a gun; the ambling "remount" a galloping team; the quiet *pavé* road a blood-red pathway to death or glory.

"And you must go back—to that." The violet eyes darkled, the low voice trembled on the practised minor thirds.

"It is my duty," said the hero simply.

They dined early, laughed through a revue. In the taxi their hands met; she said, "Dearest boy, you oughtn't to." It is possible that she had read "Phrynette's Letters to Lonely Soldiers": it is certain that she had written many of her own. And so they came to supper-time.

Isobel had taken a prominent table, and was staying in the hotel. So disgruntled parties, in the No Man's Land north of the glass screen, where the band plays, caught the glint of a gold-foiled bottle among the flowers; and complained fruitlessly over their orange-cups.

John Egerton's eyes met his lady-love's across the bubbles of real wine; he was glazed, white-waistcoated, glorious; she, radiant in clinging *écru*, short-skirted for the dance. War economy was rampant around them; from the windows overlooking the Embankment to the revolving doors where the motors hummed ceaselessly, the Savoy

was crammed; England had gathered there her beauty and her chivalry—and England's capital, as England's income, flowed golden from their idle fingers. In single file, between the packed tables, khaki and *crêpe-de-Chine* edged their way dancewards to the strains of an Austrian waltz.

"You must miss all this so dreadfully out there," she said.

"One remembers sometimes." He was stoical. "But it will be harder now, Isobel."

She saw the pain in his young eyes—had she not read a thousand war stories? "I know, dear," she whispered, and then:

"Let us go and dance, it will help you to forget."

Her hand on his arm, the sheen of her throat where the pearls nestled, the wine he had drunk, were as fire to John Egerton's dreams. As they slid through the clumsier dancers to the beat and tap of the rag-time, he knew himself a hero. *He* had been out there, to-morrow he was going back again, back to the daily risk, the fret and the grind of it all, to the mud and the shells . . . the colonel's fish and the colonel's typewriter faded gloriously from his imagination. He held Isobel closer, whispered "Darling" as the last thump proclaimed the end of the dance.

It was almost midnight when they came back to their coffee, their smouldering cigarettes.

"More wine?" asked the soldier; and when Isobel demurred prettily, drank the last glass in the bottle himself.

"Let's wander," he said; and led her proudly through the *foyer*, up the staircase. The lights went out as her foot touched the top step. Came the blare of bagpipes; rang laughter and showered confetti. They kissed unseen as the New Year broke: their hands clung to "Auld Lang Syne." Wine and the touch of Isobel's lips had made John Egerton a demi-god; he knew himself a demi-god as the lights blazed again, and he leant against the rails, her hand through his arm, gazing down at the cheering throng below. To him this was life—and he stood above life, a stern, strong deity in a confetti Heaven. Isobel, looking up at the brown hair brushed back from his unwrinkled forehead, sighed for her lost youth and the

bitterness of things—for even many magazine stories had left her fairly human.

Suddenly the bandsmen rose, laughter was hushed; the first bars of the National Anthem lifted the revellers to their feet. Lieut. and Adjutant John Egerton Molesworthy, R.F.A., sprang to "Attention." Even in mufti, he prided himself, everyone must know him for a soldier. He stood there stiffly, fingering an imaginary sword, his heart thrilling to the many voices. Loyalty or swank, the effect was there; held him taut.

But it is not easy to stand at "attention" when a Savoy-supper crowd insists on singing "God Save the King" through all its verses; John Egerton's eyes wandered, even as his thoughts. He saw Isobel, very desirable, looking up at him; smiled at her, dreamed intimately of her whiteness, the thrill of her lips. He turned, ever so slightly, to watch the singing throng below; how gorgeous it all was! And then he thought of himself, of his heroism; of how, in a few hours, he would be back in the firing line, a fighter, while all these shirkers and home-service officers, all these flappers and super-flappers would go on enjoying themselves, dancing and singing. . . . And then, out of the tail of his eye, he glimpsed sacrilege unspeakable. Scarcely believing, he turned right round, took in the stupendous insult of it all.

A man—was it a man?—a damned civilian old man in a black evening coat was slinking out of the hotel *with his hat on*. John Egerton's eyes blazed, his blood throbbed in his temples. It was a German, it must be a German. And was he—an officer and a gentleman who had been through Hell, with a big H, out there—was he going to stand by and permit this outrage? Isobel, his dreams, the Widow Clicquot shrieked NO.

Meanwhile others had noticed the little grey man: a girl called: "Take your hat off"; a man's voice took up the cry. "Take your hat off, *Hat—Off!*" they chorused. The man stopped; he knew—as the deaf know—that they were trying to say something; cursed, for the hundredth time in a weary month, the 8-inch shell that had sent him back to a silent world where dumb people danced and gorged and didn't give a tinker's damn for what went on "out there." Then he walked on.

Into John Egerton's mind flashed another scene—Paris, L'Abbaye Thelême, the night of *Reveillon*, himself crying *Chapeau, Chapeau!* at everyone who dared to come in with his hat on, shying peaches, crackers, confetti at the offending toppers.

It was all done in a second; three swift steps, a sweep of the arm—and the silk cylinder sailing through the air, rolling ungainly among the confetti on the scarlet carpet!

The grey man swung round; the boy faced him in the expectant ring of chorus-girls and their cavaliers. He was rather flushed, very pleased with himself; he heard voices saying: "Bravo, Sir!" "Well done!" A be-jewelled hand patted him on the back.

"What do you mean by knocking my hat off, Sir?" The grey man's voice was quiet, quiet as the grey world to which the stretcher-bearers had brought him back; only the tiniest flame of anger lit in his steady eyes.

"And what the devil do you mean, Sir?" The boy spoke loudly, he was missing no chance of publicity: "What do you mean, Sir, by keeping your hat on during the National Anthem?" They were good words; and John Egerton repeated them to the gathering crowd: somehow they made their way to the other's brain.

"Did I do that?" he said slowly, stooping to pick up his ruffled hat. Then, as he turned to go: "I'm sorry." For Major Henderson happened to be both an officer and a gentleman.

But John Egerton Molesworthy, who was not of the school which takes its wine and its women separately, preened himself ecstatically among the cheering supper-cats.

"How splendid of you!" whispered Isobel as they went back for the last dance.

Lieut. and Adjutant John Egerton Molesworthy sank back in his Pullman seat as the leave-train rolled out of Victoria Station. His tired mind played languidly round the glories of his last day in England. It had all been wonderful—Isobel, the dance, that dim sitting-room above the Embankment—but best of all was the recollection of his triumphant moment in the *foyer*: how they had cheered him! That girl who patted him on the back, now, she

was good-looking, if you like, prettier than Isobel, younger, pale hair and dark eyes with a laugh in their depths. . . . John Egerton slept.

He told the story of his New Year's Eve to an infantry officer he met on the boat, told it again at the Officers' Club; repeated it interminably on interminable railway journeys. For his division was on the move, and none knew whither. There were rumours of Verdun, of Salonica. Three days he chased the fugitive; pestered and cursed uncaring transport officers; was decanted shivering on empty platforms to wait for supply trains that never materialised. At last, in a village where rumours of war came scarcely and A.S.C. officers led lives of ease and plenty, he struck trail—and waited seven hours in a warm estaminet, gossiping with two almost clean maidens, for the only train of the day. The following morning, at a darkling 2 a.m., he groped his way through blinded streets to his last real night of rest, his last morning bath.

There are places in the firing line where even gunner adjutants live in "dug-outs," have shells for their daily portion. It was in such a place—in the very City of Fear itself—that John Egerton found his brigade. Gone were the pleasant morning canters round the hidden batteries; gone the afternoon rides in search of provender; gone the dreamless slumbers between linen sheets. Here the horses lived seven perilous miles away; here the telephone buzzed ceaselessly through the throbbing night.

John Egerton Molesworthy was no more a coward than a hundred thousand others; only—he had been brought up to rag-time. His very patriotism had been the product of it; a quick plant blossoming at the touch of flappers' fingers. He had outgrown flappers: he had not outgrown rag-time. And The City is no place of drawn swords, of gallant heroes leading galloping guns against a panicked foe! No applauding chorus-girls cheered John Egerton as he hurried through the battered streets: only the whirring shells buzzed overhead; the roaring salvoes crashed in the deserted squares. In six weeks even the boy's vanity, which might have served him for courage, began to wear thin. He caught himself thinking, o' nights in his sodden dug-out, of wounds, ugly gaping wounds, and of how much they hurt; of death, and what might come after.

It was all horrible to him; but worst of all was the long road between the scarred poplars, the road whereon endless transport wheels clink in the gloaming, and terror grins in every shadow, and knees tighten instinctively on the saddle-flap to the least whistle of the wind through the bare branches.

The Boche was shelling that road the first time John Egerton came into the City of Fear; and ever afterwards the memory of black fountains spurting death, of a horse kicking convulsively, of the headless rider beneath it, and the blood on the *pavé* was with him, sleeping or waking. It stood at his shoulder, leering, as he wrote to Isobel Gracefield of dangers faced unafraid, of discomforts uncomplainingly endured. . . .

On the very day he had decided, come what might, to tell his colonel he could bear things no longer, a fortunate splinter in the right shoulder sent him back to England.

Mrs. Gracefield swished into the Portland Place nursing-home. She looked an angel; she had not forgotten to bring lilies.

"Oh, you poor dear!" she said when the nurse left them alone. "Was it dreadfully painful?"

"Not very," the pale boy with the bandaged arm smiled back at her. Already the memory of his fears, of the "nervous breakdown" he had planned for himself, was fading. And as she talked, made invalid love to him, wounded vanity began to heal, even as wounded shoulder. The recollection of his self-contempt—so much worse than the recollection of the little pain he had suffered—receded into that vague world wherein real men did real jobs, the world to which he did not belong. He stretched a thin white hand from the bed-clothes, raised Isobel's fingers to his lips. She bent over him; the perfume and the lace of her drove away the last clouds from his young sky. He was the hero again! It takes more than six weeks in the City of Fear and a shrapnel splinter in the right shoulder to cure youth of rag-time.

"You must come down to Brightmouth, Jack. The air is so wonderful down there; and I will nurse you," Isobel cooed as she kissed him good-bye.

But John Egerton's "people" decreed differently:

he was whisked away to Hampshire, to dinner-parties and tea-parties and admiring maidens in brogued shoes and tailor-made skirts. It was not even of his asking that a far-seeing medical board decreed "light duty" and a kindly War Office sent him to 14 C Reserve Brigade, Brightmouth-on-Sea.

It was the old John Egerton Molesworthy who left his valise at Brightmouth Station, hailed taxi languidly, purred up the hill to Isobel's maisonnette. He was on light duty and the Reserve Brigade could wait his presence until after tea-time. It was the old John Egerton who lingered till the sun was nearly at sea-rim; holding Isobel's hand, kissing the white ear nestling among the auburn curls. It was the old John Egerton in the old unserviceable field-boots who tapped at the orderly-room door, clicked spurred heels, saluted his new colonel. The colonel looked up from his writing, rose, shook hands.

"So you're for light duty, Molesworthy. Hope the wound's better. Let me see, you're an adjutant, aren't you? I could do with some help in the orderly-room."

But John Egerton could scarcely answer. He was seeing—not the be-ribboned colonel—but another little grey man, in undistinguished evening dress, picking up a ruffled top hat! He was seeing himself, rather flushed, standing triumphantly among his cheering supper-cats. Could it be true? And just when life looked rosiest, too! when everything was going his way! The fear of being found out, which is deeper than the fear of death, held him almost dumb. The steady eyes frightened him. Was it the same man? *Was it?* All the pleasure of coming back to England, to Brightmouth, to Isobel, lay withered.

He heard a half-remembered voice saying: "So that's settled then. You'll report here at nine to-morrow": caught himself forgetting to salute. . . .

John Egerton Molesworthy, R.F.A., is still "Lieut. and Adjutant," but there is no happiness in him. In the bare orderly-room of 14 C Reserve Brigade, on the windy cemented gun-park, at mess, or church parade, the grey figure of his commanding officer is an accusation, a menace. In the midst of some thrilling story, told joyously to the newly-joined who have never been "out there," he

catches those steady eyes at the end of the long table—and the story dies tamely on his blanched lips. As he sits writing "Passed to you" on endless slips of buff paper he sees that grey head bent over the littered table—and the pen shakes in his nerveless fingers. Is it the very man? Is it only an amazing likeness? He does not know, he cannot be certain. The discreetest questions fail to help him. But always he is haunted by the fear, the fear of being found out. If, indeed, his colonel is the man whose hat he smote off in the madness of that memorable evening, and if his colonel remembers, what will happen to Lieut. and Adjutant John Egerton Molesworthy? Were it not better to escape before the deluge, even if escape mean "the front" and all the horrors of that long road between the scarred poplars? . . . Or is it all delusion, the figment of a nervous brain?

Isobel believes—but then Isobel would believe almost anything. Has she not read a thousand war-stories?

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

The Woman's Army

By Mrs. Alec-Tweedie

An army of a million is something to be reckoned with in war. It is a fifth of the new British Army, gathered from all the corners of our possessions.

To-day there is a New Woman's Army of a million or more souls all helping to win the war, so that Europe may cease for centuries to be a munition factory or a human butcher's shop.

The country's rulers somehow stumbled upon enlightenment, awaked right late to the fact that they *did* want women's help. They must have wanted it rather badly, for on October 16th, 1916, appeared the interesting announcement beginning: —

"The Ministry of Munitions is prepared to receive applications from women of all classes wishing to be trained as munition workers at the centres which the Ministry has established by arrangement with educational authorities in various parts of the kingdom."

This was interesting, but a trifle startling. For it was made just sixteen months after the writer had volunteered to initiate this same training of women—with Y.M.C.A.'s help most kindly put at her disposal for the purpose and the aid of one of our greatest engineers. Strange, indeed, that the authorities, after solemnly reiterating their *non possumus* to every such modest suggestion, should sixteen months later be undertaking the job themselves.

Now, at any rate, women are toiling by the hundred thousand in every department of war-work, and admittedly that vital business—munitioning. Yet few people seem even to-day to realise that these women are new to the work —that they are sometimes overcrowded and uncomfortable, and yet are doing longer hours than men did before them, and often for less pay.

To begin with, munition work is a patchwork of incongruities. Factory hands on piecework are sometimes paid more wages than their forewoman. The best forewomen are better-class ladies. The aristocrat who is accustomed to rule a household has learnt to rule in a sympathetic way. Her girls respect her, love her, follow her. Like Tommy, they prefer not to follow their own class. The lady rubs the rough edges off the factory hand, and the factory hand teaches the lady a new side of life. Cleanliness, tidy hair, and more polite speech invariably follow the lady.

But think of these long winter nights. Women are going into Woolwich Arsenal before seven in the evening in the dark, they are working for twelve long hours in artificial light. The atmosphere becomes putrid and their senses torpid as they stagger out again into the dark at seven next morning. Those pleasing streaks of dawn that used to cheer them up as the hours wore on have gone, gone till next spring. For fourteen nights on end those women are working these long nights, followed by as many days. Their rest-night was taken away "temporarily" months ago, and had, up to the time of going to press, never been restored. In most factories this is better; but a rest-night should be enforced everywhere.

On night-shifts these women have, owing to lack of housing near their work, to fight for trams and trains to get to or from their homes. They often have to stand sixteen in a railway carriage for an hour; so six or seven hours' sleep (day sleep is not like night sleep) is often all they get before beginning another twelve hours' night-shift. Those are the sacrifices of many women to win the war. Surely a little further sacrifice under proper guidance can, and should, willingly be given by other women —the women who are still idle, the women waiting, like the male slackers, to be conscripted.

At Woolwich there are 17,000, perhaps 20,000, women, and in a few months there may be double that number, as the men of military age are combed out. It is no good minimising the trials in some of the factories, where much could be made easier for the women workers than it is. Free milk should be given by the Government to everyone employed

on T.N.T. work or lead. What are a few hundred pounds a day to a nation spending six millions?

The factories with eight-hour shifts are easy enough for the workers, even when the work is hard; but the factories with twelve-hour shifts are almost criminal, and prolonged work will leave a lasting mark upon the women who are overstraining and undersleeping for the cause of country. If a place like Woolwich be too inaccessible to permit of eight-hour shifts, then Woolwich should slacken instead of extending, and other places more accessible should be built up to do the work. That six or eight months can produce a factory anywhere has been abundantly proved, and because women helped us so splendidly in the early days of the war—in our hour of serious need—is a reason in itself why we should not impose on them now and impair their future health.

It is a curious anomaly that there are dozens—aye, hundreds—of Government-owned arsenals designed, staffed, and run by individual private firms. England has become one vast shop. Projectile factories where shell cases and fuses are made, but not completed, have multiplied with each succeeding month. Filling factories are what their name implies—at such a pace have these sprung up that a nodding field of wheat was eight months later a huge working factory. A veritable hive of bees. Men are largely employed in setting up and getting the machines in order; but the shell-making and finishing are done by women. In a fortnight a woman can learn most of the work, in a month the more intricate kinds.

These women are just as important to the war as the men, and without the women of Britain our land would be in the hands of the Germans. Our women saved the situation—and to-day there are factories run by 95 per cent. of women and 5 per cent. of men. Only during the last year have technical classes of any magnitude been arranged for women. The courses are short, but helpful. Longer training is necessary for efficiency; but, of course, if the war go on all the women of the land will be trained to something, at the expense of learning by experience.

Household duty, however, is also war work; in many cases of even greater importance than the factory. The young mothers are as important as the soldiers, for the

children are the future race for which we are now fighting. That is a point that must never be forgotten.

The Ministry of Munitions, in conjunction with the Board of Trade, are now considering schemes for the establishment of *crèches* in munition areas. About two of these have been started, and the idea may expand. Certainly it is an excellent one. Indeed thousands and thousands more women could go to work, whose husbands are on active service, were *crèches* established in or near factories. There are strong and able young married women who would be only too glad to earn money and help the country (alas! one feels constrained to put money first in most cases) if satisfied that their babies were being looked after. And, mark this, the babies would be much better attended to and fed in experienced hands than if left to the haphazard consideration of a girl who knows nought of mother-craft. Our babies are a supreme asset to the State and should be guarded with all possible care.

But undertaking by women of too heavy physical work may injure them, and the would-be mothers of the future may bear no offspring; or, if they do, the race may be enfeebled by the physical overstrain borne by women in some of the munition factories, where they carry 80 lb. boxes of material, or in sugar refineries where they carry 70 lb. or 80 lb. bags of sugar to-day—a strain that could have been largely obviated if the hours had been shortened and a normal time for sleep allowed.

For the factory workers rest-rooms should be provided at all canteens—and respected as rest-rooms. Overseers should have their own screened-off corner, that they may not be forced on the girls—a position which is uncomfortable for both of them. Some canteen meals are both good and cheap; but, alas! others are quite the reverse.

The way to make success of a club, a canteen, a workshop, or any institution is to listen sympathetically to complaints. The workers know far better than the heads what they themselves want and can always suggest what is superfluous and what is needful. Take, as an instance, complaints at the canteens at a great arsenal went unheeded until there was a real row and stretchers and police were requisitioned. Again, why should women or men at any factory stand for an hour or more, unsheltered from pouring

rain, to receive their wages? After a twelve-hour shift this is a cruelty, and merely shows want of management and thought.

Many people seem to forget that the women have played just as noble and important a *rôle* in the war as the men. Women made the clothes and boots and, to a great degree, the armaments, besides taking men's places in thousands of cases, and so setting them free for military work. About a million new and extra women are now employed in factories alone. But why should some women do war work while others stand by idle? Why should dock labourers still do eight hours' work, weather permitting, with Saturday afternoons and Sundays off? Why not import coloured labour for the job and house them at the docks, as we do the Lascars of ocean liners? Why not have a law that will make us, one and all, do our bit according to our several capacities?

So long as men make laws for women, both women and girls must suffer. Would the Army and Navy have liked to be run by women alone? Why then should women be run in every trade, every profession, and every occupation solely by men's laws?

The sexes were meant to work together, and our factories and public offices show how easily they can do it. There is no sex in brains or work.

Twelve-hour shifts day and night, with no Saturday afternoons or Sundays, month by month, as said before, are almost criminal. Many women who have pluckily carried on may never recover from the over-stress and their position needs careful surveillance. It is well for men to realise that there is nothing which women, if reasonably cared for, cannot do. Though on the whole they have not men's physical strength, do not forget that there are physical weaklings also among men. Train a woman for a few days or weeks, and she will be able to take up nearly every post that a man has to leave. The exception to this, at any rate outside the most severe forms of field labour, will be few and far between: it is only the Government who seem to doubt it.

Nor does age necessarily govern capacity. There are nearly as many "crocks" at sixteen as there are hale and hearty women at sixty.

Happily, the women who have replaced the other sex as 'bus conductors are earning and deserving the regular man's pay of 6*s*. 3*d*. a day. As ticket collectors, too, they draw the orthodox 23*s*. a week. In both cases the women are keeping the men's places open and receiving men's wages. There are, alas! many other occupations, especially Government occupations, where they do not get the pay of the men whom they have superseded; yet the woman may have a father, mother, or invalid relative to support now that the ordinary breadwinner is away.

There are 80,000 V.A.D.'s—only a small number of whom are in military hospitals. The rest are unpaid; but when it comes to the third year of the war women's purses are feeling the drain, just as their minds and bodies are feeling the strain.

As important as equal pay for women for doing equal work with men is the question of teaching women how to save. The country is badly in need of their savings—but hasn't taken much trouble to tell them so.

Recurring to the vitally important surveillance question, it is well known that Mr. Lloyd George, when Minister of Munitions, set up a Welfare Department, appointing lady superintendents, sometimes called "Welfare Supervisors," for the factories.

Mr. Seebohm Rowntree, the director of this department, furnished the *Observer* with some interesting details.

"The need for this welfare work," he said, "exists primarily for the women and girls and boys. . . . A staff is employed sufficient to inspect every factory where women are working, and to visit it frequently enough to ensure what the Minister demands as necessary."

Mr. Rowntree had visited a certain factory, where two thousand persons were working day and night, and found the superintendence work in full swing. A lady doctor was always at hand: an injured girl was taken at once to an ambulance-room for treatment; any girl simply feeling unwell was encouraged to stay in hospital without cost to herself. The welfare staff even recommended and inspected the lodgings occupied by the girls. (Things are certainly better; but there still seems room for improvement.)

"There are about a dozen educated ladies," he added, "employed in this factory to superintend the canteens,

cloak-rooms, and mess-rooms, and to listen to all complaints. We have already in some places organised schemes of recreation, such as dramatic entertainments, choral singing, indoor and outdoor games, and Morris dancing. A sum of money which has enabled us to organise this work was given to the Minister of Munitions by the Maharajah of Scindia.

"Welfare work is open to suspicion from two quarters. Some employers think it is nothing but a fad, and some workers think it is a red herring dragged across their path to divert them from organised efforts to improve their own condition. It is neither one thing nor the other. . . . Nor is welfare work antagonistic to the ideals of labour. Indeed, the foundations of the work may be summed up in the phrase: 'An adequate wage and reasonable hours.'"

An adequate wage. One is tempted to underscore the phrase—for if many shopworkers are still badly underpaid, some munition workers are paid too much. In fact, in some districts they are enormously remunerated, in others quite inadequately. These inequalities should be levelled up and the whole system standardised. The present lop-sided condition of things is unfair to the workers and causes natural discontent. The *supposed* inflation of prices in some places makes women refuse to take other and reasonably paid ones. Also, in view of what was said above regarding overstrain in some districts, let us hope the welfare supervision system will be developed to the utmost.

What is Germany doing in regard to this great question of women's employment on war work? One reads the following:—

"For male labour substitutes have been provided on a large scale by female labour, and in the future also female labour will play a great part as a reservoir for the supply of substitutes for male labour.

"But for brain-work we shall have to draw upon a further reservoir—upon all persons, without distinction of sex, who are still capable of work but are unemployed. I am thinking, apart from the women, of the army of pensioned officials, high and low, and of pensioned officers of all ranks. We have also to consider the people who live upon their own incomes, and persons of all classes who are unemployed or who have been out of work as the result of the war.

"Seeing that our soldiers, suffering meanwhile great privations and subjected to great strain, are constantly risking their lives and are covering our economic front with their bodies, we can surely ask of every German behind the front that for the strengthening of the economic front he shall give what power of work he possesses.

"Over against compulsory military service I set compulsory civil

service, and I think that the introduction of the latter will only be an act of equal justice.

"The lowest age limit might be sixteen and the highest sixty-five—the old-age pensions limit. Of course, persons who already have regular employment should, as a rule, remain in the same employment, and special wishes as to the nature of employment should be respected as far as possible. But if it is inevitable, there must be compulsion to work in an appointed position.

"I have on a former occasion referred to the university teacher who is working as a docker and to the schoolmaster who is looking after police dogs. Those are not phantoms of the imagination, but naked reality. Just in the same way we proceed with regard to civil service. Nobody must be allowed to think himself too 'good' for any work whatever. The pensioned judge will still do good work in the offices of lawyers or in Government offices; the senior civil servant will do good work, requiring breadth of view and special confidence, in a bank; and many an artist will be found employment as an artisan. It seems obvious that all work must be rewarded by salary or wages on the usual scale.

"But, above all, the necessary labour must be directed to war industry and to the offices set up for the purposes of the war."

These are striking remarks.

Germany is organised all ways. We must be organised also.

There are still between three and four million men of military age employed in industrial occupations in this country, most of whom could have joined the Army. We would not say three or four million women could take their place; but a very vast number could be substituted. A disabled soldier being invalided from service is often quite as capable, or he can be taught to be, as a young man in a bakery, or some other trade; in fact, anyone who goes to St. Dunstan's can see even blind men mending boots. One would say it is impossible, but it is not; the blind men are learning to take down notes in Braille and transcribe their own shorthand on their typewriters. Nothing seems to be impossible with a will to succeed and the proper teaching provided. Education attains much.

There are new munition centres in full swing to-day which women entered a few weeks or months ago as beginners.

It seems terrible to think that there are actually 18,000 tribunals employed in exempting men from active service, and conscientious objectors are filling our prisons in thousands, while thousands of women, willing to work, cannot procure jobs

What does this army corps of tribunal-sitters—mostly men sitting in judgment upon their own neighbour's case, and subjected to the latter's neighbourly threat or per-

suasion—suggest? It surely spells that most dragging, disaster-breeding thing—the half-measure. Let us have done with all half-and-half and hot-and-cold measures.

If you really need a yard of stuff it is no earthly good trying to do the job with three-quarters. You may pull and tug and tear, but you won't get that extra nine inches out of the stuff—and so it is with useless measures. If a certain object has to be attained don't pull and tug and tear, but get the full yard "right away," as our Yankee friends say.

Again and again one wants the Government to make up its two dozen minds and issue some drastic, well-considered rules for food, clothing, work—everything. As all these subjects touch women vitally they should be consulted. Women should sit on every commission and every council. We have seen already that the Government is asking women to come forward for training in munitions; but whence are the millions needed to be attained? Pretty well every woman in the land is engaged upon some job or other already—and why? Because we still employ them upon the production of luxuries and superfluities, such as artificial flowers, perfumes, and bath salts. Who would mind doing without cakes and sweets, the making of which must be filling the days of men and women innumerable, till the end of the war? Let the plum-cake makers turn their hands to the filling of shells. It should be an offence to expend time and strength upon superfluities! Every wasted penny spent here is wasted life beyond the seas.

One thing is certain—that, in regard to munitions and all other work, in war time civilian interests should be subordinated to military needs. War is entered upon commonly by the politicians—though in the present case with the whole nation at their back—but war is carried on by the Navy and Army. The Navy is a thing unto itself—God bless it!—and the Army wages war on land, side by side with civilian life. Surely, to the most obtuse mind, war should be carried on entirely, as regards the military and civil population, by the Army heads. And if this be so, then every possible power should be put into the hands of the military: to order what they like in munitions, to conserve what they like in life; to do everything, in fact, that fits in with the fulfilment of their work for the duration of the war. Towards this end we should have martial law.

Drastic measures conserve life, and life is more precious to-day than it ever has been. Millions of virile young men all over Europe have been sacrificed in a holocaust to the obsession of one man and of one nation ridden to death by Prussianism. Life is, in fact, so unutterably precious that our whole soul must be given to the extreme task of encouraging and protecting and prolonging it.

All the old wiseacres who declared that women must be sheltered (somehow they usually forget to shelter them) found they patriotically came out into the world of work and took on jobs successfully—carpentering, building, motor driving, large horse van driving, night mail driving, 'bus conducting, lift work, box offices, ticket collecting railway carriage cleaning, window cleaning, ostlery, ploughing, reaping—aye, and dozens of heavy factory engineering or electrical jobs. Again and again, one feels that with a few weeks' training there is no work a woman cannot do.

Believe in the woman, trust her, and she will attain great ends.

She has surely earned the vote before the next General Election, earned it well, and she will use it as wisely as she has shown herself capable—for is she not running huge shops and engineering and electrical departments in Government offices, which these old wiseacres would have called impossible for a woman three years ago? Nothing is impossible.

Since then this great army of women, who have never worked before, have come forward and shown their patriotism, their self-denial, their sacrifice of all that is nearest and dearest to them. Women are banded together as a great army, and have helped, side by side with the men, to combat Prussian evil.

When peace comes the Women's Army Corps must stand side by side with the Men's Army Corps and the Navy as a factor in the world's regeneration and the triumph of higher ideals.

That extra million women war workers, who have taken on extra strenuous war work, are veritably a fighting feminine unit, just as the Navy and Army are fighting for naval and military success. Each of the three verily represents an equal side of a triangle.

The Catholic Church and Home Rule

By Sacerdos

UNDER whatever Government or form of Government the British Empire pursues the present war no question is more urgent of solution than that concerning Ireland.

She is the great source of embarrassment and, to a certain extent, of discredit to the otherwise splendid solidarity and loyalty of the Empire. It is in her direction that the neutrals and our enemies direct their gaze when we claim to be fighting for the rights of nationality, especially of small nations, and it is hard to say with what face we can maintain that claim if we emerge from the war with a nation at our very doors coerced by martial law and driven into an attitude of bitter resentment and hostility by the suspicion of betrayal.

It is noteworthy that four times in the course of three centuries, whilst England has been disputing the claims of a militarist Empire to dominate the world, her arm has been weakened by Irish disaffection.

In the reign of Elizabeth, when Spain played this *rôle*, forces sorely needed in our great struggle with Philip II. had to be diverted to crush the rebellion under O'Neill fomented and subsidised by Spain.

A century later Louis XIV. was making a bid for world power. His most redoubtable enemy was William of Orange, who in the process of this attempt came to the throne of England. Again Ireland was used to distract and weaken our efforts when the ex-King James II. was dispatched to the sister-isle with an army of exiles to join forces with the Irish Jacobites, and supplied with money and munitions by the Grand Monarque.

Another hundred years elapse, and the great Corsican is menacing the liberties of the world, and once more Great Britain is the great obstacle to success.

The obvious course is taken by the aspirant to world

power, and General Hoche is sent with a French army to Bantry Bay, and England is hampered with the task of suppressing revolt.

Lastly, after another century we are engaged in the greatest strife in our history against the most gigantic effort recorded for military domination of the nations, and with damnable iteration Ireland once again is made the cat's-paw of tyranny and ambition.

Surely the moral is obvious! It is useless to accuse the Irish of inherent lawlessness, of innate treachery, of ingratitude, and so on. We have only to look at the story of Italy under Austria, of Hungary, and, above all, of Poland—countries with which we have sympathised in their struggles for nationality and which in varying degrees we have helped, not always straightforwardly, to realise their desires.

Our conceit and blindness must indeed be of the crassest description if we fail to see the analogy, and we certainly lie open to the charge of hypocrisy if we deny to Ireland what we concede elsewhere.

It is surely a tragic fate that drives at least a portion of such a noble, imaginative, and liberty-loving race perpetually to second the efforts of ambitious tyrants instead of taking its natural place in the ranks of the armies of freedom!

The four occasions above enumerated suffice in themselves to condemn English misrule in Ireland.

I write as a convinced Conservative and Imperialist, deeming it no inconsistency to support the claims of the Irish to Home Rule, perceiving as I do that the concession of these would tend to conserve the Empire, whose claims are paramount to all party considerations, and to preserve it from a future recurrence of the real danger lurking in the presence of a hostile and disaffected people at our very gates. It is a singular fact that on each of the four occasions when Ireland has found her opportunity in England's distress her attitude has been encouraged, if not actually prompted, by the representatives of the Catholic Church in that country.

In past times their action was intelligible and could be taken as inspired by just causes. Then the English Government and its counterpart in Ireland were fiercely

persecuting their faith and devising tyrannous penal laws against its practice. But for a long time past, under English rule, the Catholic Church in Ireland has enjoyed a liberty and scope unequalled even in Spain or Austria. The response to this is intrigues culminating in open rebellion at a critical hour in our history.

The whole situation is curiously obscured by cross-currents, yet if anyone doubt the truth of my statement he could find ample corroboration were he to mingle with the priests and overhear their remarks on current events. A serious indictment against both bishops and priests lies in the fact that whereas political crime, varying from assassination to boycotting and cattle-maiming, and leading, in fine, to the abortive but bloody uprising last Easter, has marked Irish history for many years, not one word of condemnation or reproof has been uttered by these spiritual and moral guides! On the contrary, when the lawfully constituted authority has attempted to restore order and to punish the guilty the clergy have never seconded their efforts, but in many cases have done all in their power, great as it is, to encourage the populace in resistance. A glaring example of this is to be found in the conduct of Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, who openly defies the military authority and protects his priests from interference in their strenuous efforts to promote Sinn Fein.

The Catholic Church teaches the duty of submitting to a *de facto* Government, though tyrannical, if it be obviously impossible to overthrow it, as in the case of the Belgian population and the German Government of Occupation, and counts revolt in such circumstances as a damnable sin.

Yet what condemnation did the revolt of last Easter receive from Cardinal Logue, Archbishop Walsh (in whose city the most serious events occurred), or any of their colleagues? A remarkable instance of this condonation of crime by the Irish Catholic clergy took place in the West of Ireland some years ago. A farm was taken by a *Catholic* farmer in defiance of a decree of the local branch of the United Irish League forbidding anyone to rent it, as the late tenant had been evicted. He was promptly boycotted and had to fetch all his supplies from a considerable distance. This failing to subdue him, on the Festival of the Assumption—a great day in Ireland—after the prin-

cipal Mass, upon leaving the chapel he and his family were fired on from behind a wall, his aged mother being mortally wounded, and several others, himself included, being hit. That the congregation were aware of what was to happen seems clear from the fact that this unfortunate family were purposely avoided by everyone present and left apart so as to form a sole target for the assassin's bullets. Worse still, no attempt was made either to succour the wounded or to apprehend the criminals, neither could the police afterwards find a solitary witness for the prosecution! Most of these people had been to Holy Communion that morning—with murder in their hearts!—just as the perpetrators of the fiasco of last Easter had.

Meanwhile, the parish priest was conspicuous by his absence, and neither he nor the bishop of the diocese ever made any comment on the affair. Denunciation from the altar is not at all uncommon in Ireland. Here, surely, was an occasion for it! Imagine what would have happened had a Protestant committed such a dastardly deed! The whole hierarchy would have spoken and written denunciations of the act.

What is the explanation of this?

It lies in the fact that the power of the Irish priesthood is contingent on their support of, or connivance at, the doings of the various secret societies and others with which Irish popular life is honeycombed.

The purely spiritual power of the priests is very much on the wane, and they know it. The returning Irish-American, bringing with him the spirit of freethought and materialism, has strongly infected the rising generation, and there is no longer that craven fear of priestly occult powers nor that childlike affection for the cursives aroon that once prevailed.

These returned "exiles" are generally the leading spirits of the political societies, and the priests either fear them or fail to realise that the lip-service they may pay to the Church but very thinly veils a strong spirit of anti-clericalism which will, before very long, make itself manifest in Ireland. Meanwhile, the priest is a useful ally.

The present writer had ample personal experience of this during the campaign against the education proposals of the late Liberal Government.

The more far-seeing of the clergy know and perceive this and consequently dread the coming of Home Rule, when, their support being no longer needed, the anti-clerical politician will have no further need to hide his real sentiments.

Hence this condonation of crime and encouragement of sedition. I am firmly convinced that it is thus hoped to prevent the advent of a Home Rule Government. Home Rule means the end of Rome Rule—*i.e.*, of the priests over an ignorant peasantry.

Irish education is admittedly very backward, and the first thing a Parliament on College Green would take in hand would be its amendment. For a brief period the clerical party would hold their ground, but inevitably a movement would arise for a system publicly controlled, as in England, and the gradual secularisation, to a great extent, of the curriculum of the schools.

It would not be long before the people recognised their power, and they would gradually curtail the priestly exactions which are so astounding to the stranger in Ireland. At present a fee of ten, twenty, or thirty pounds is extorted for a marriage service; unless a substantial offering is made for a funeral the priest refuses to attend, with the result that the poor are generally interred without any rites.

By the skilful manipulation of public opinion huge sums are squeezed out of the survivors for Masses for the souls of the deceased.

At present few sermons are ever preached outside the big towns. With the reduction of emoluments would come the need of more active work, and the priest would find himself in competition with other claimants on the public attention. He would no longer enjoy his present position of supremacy. To create a situation, or, at least, to favour such a one as would cause the Government at Westminster to withhold self-government, whilst actively provoking the people by suggestions that their aspirations so nearly realised are to be once more frustrated, and, above all, to discredit the Nationalist Party, which has brought the cause close to victory, are naturally the manœuvres of those who have something to dread from the advent of Home Rule.

If the Irish Catholic clergy were as genuinely anxious for Home Rule as they most of them pretend, why did they

not condemn to the utmost of their power the disastrous folly of the Easter revolt so calculated to strengthen the case against it? Why have they not since endeavoured to calm the country?

On the other hand, why have they openly or secretly encouraged disaffection, opposed recruiting, and glorified the executed rebels? Over and over again, even in London, the solemn function of High Mass for the dead has been degraded to the level of a political demonstration against England, under the pretence of praying for those shot in Dublin by court-martial. The presence of political societies, with banners and devices and other trickeries calculated to play upon the emotions of an excitable race proves that piety to the dead was neither the sole nor the chief object of these services.

The Irish people are set upon the realisation of self-government, yet they seem not to perceive that they are being led into courses calculated to destroy their hopes and to justify the Imperial Government for prudential reasons in withholding it.

The Irish peasant may be ignorant and short-sightedly impulsive; the Catholic hierarchy and clergy cannot plead this excuse.

With untiring devotion and skill Mr. Redmond has, since the fall of Parnell, guided the Nationalist Party in its struggles for Irish national ideals, and he has attained his end, at least in principle. With great loyalty to the Empire he postponed the realisation of his victory till after the war, but this interval is being utiiised by his opponents, open and secret, to make his triumph an empty one. Every sane outsider must perceive that the worst enemies of Home Rule are those who excite the populace to acts of lawlessness and to disaffection, and again I aver the Catholic clergy are the worst offenders in these directions. Their sins of commission and omission are testimony against them.

Instead of supporting Mr. Redmond and his party they are paralysing his efforts to serve the Empire. It has long since ceased to be possible to proclaim Ireland as the "bright spot," rather she is the one dark spot standing in contrast to the loyalty of the rest of the Empire.

The Empire, nevertheless, through its Government, has

the opportunity of showing its statesmanship by ignoring the ephemeral and superficial in this question and of recognising the fact that a prompt concession of the Nationalist claims will serve not only to strengthen Mr. Redmond's hands and to conciliate the country, but to bring to naught the Machiavellian intrigues of his secret, though unavowed, enemies. Anything like a *rapprochement* or agreement between Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Redmond would spell disaster to their schemes, and they may be trusted to oppose such with all their resources. And yet such an arrangement seemed but a short while since on the point of achievement.

We need all our vigour and attention for the war, and it cannot but be detrimental to our efforts to have the present unsatisfactory state of affairs continuing in Ireland.

We shall only be playing into the hands of the Irish ecclesiastics, among others, if we allow our minds to be antagonised by recent events in Ireland. That is what they were intended to promote. Under the pressure of war we have done, and are doing, many things without flinching which in peace time would have cost years of discussion. Why not deal in the same fashion with the perennial Irish question, so that at the termination of hostilities we shall have one problem the less to deal with? Our hands will be quite full enough without that.

In justice to ourselves and our reputation, and in vindication of the honesty of our pretensions in this war, we must recognise the claims of Irish Nationality. Sinn Fein and all other kindred movements and societies would then lose their *raison d'être*, and it would no longer be possible for Mr. Redmond's false friends and secret enemies to hinder his efforts on behalf of the Empire.

The Awakening

By Austin Harrison

If the great merit of an aristocracy is example or leadership, the great danger of democracy is the want of example. These words, or words to that effect, were written by that admirably wise man, Matthew Arnold, who even before the Franco-Prussian War warned us in his stately essays of the peril confronting Britain through her neglect of education, her contempt for the critical or intellectual attitude, her failure to give ideas to the middle classes already, as he foresaw, appropriating the power of the old privileged aristocracy, itself developing on an inferior plane. The old aristocracy had fine and governing qualities; it had an objective, it had great moral courage, it had the supreme virtue of example. And this, as Frederick the Great insisted, was the reason for filling the Army with officers of noble birth, because the nobility were brought up on the standard of honour, so that a nobleman who flinched in a crisis could never again find a refuge in his own class, whereas men of a class not so trained could always find a refuge.

And what Matthew Arnold predicted with such sanity of vision is precisely our trouble in war to-day. The aristocratic class has lost its authority, the great middle or business class, which has assumed the governing position, finds itself in the hour of need without governing qualities, because it has been brought up *without the idea of science*, without the attitude of *systematic knowledge*, without a standard of class or national philosophy, without example or imagination.

In Germany, too, the aristocracy has long since lost its feudal power, except in the Army; but in Germany the middle classes are the best educated in the world. That is Germany's supreme strength. Though essentially an autocratically governed nation, the genius of Germany lies in the middle classes, in her educated and organised middle-

class attitude, in the correlation thus of the entire brains of the country concentrated in the single national service. Here what singleness there exists is the integer of opinion. Opinion based largely on the commercial attitude which despises ideas, science, the critical spirit. Thus the State, which is the representative action of the nation, has grown up in the exact ratio of want of concert, reason, and organisation, as is the want of concert, reason, and organisation in the community according to the Manchester shibboleth of *laissez faire* which found its popular expression in voluntarism.

Instead of order, individualism became our watchword. In lieu of a governing class which was known to have a standard, a tradition, an impersonal however class-selfish a national attitude, our middle classes attained to power without a standard, with no governing tradition, with no class attitude save that of commercialism, and consequently with no objective. The indecision, conflict, and discordance which necessarily characterises the executive proceedings of a nation ruled by the majority or popularity, is thus inevitably reflected in the indecision, weakness, and opportunism of its Government, which with the emancipation of middle-class authority naturally has become more and more the victim of its expression vested in the fortuities of the vote. The force of popularity, possessing as it did all the machinery of political power and prejudice, inevitably proved irresistible. Out of Mancheser there came the popular or actor type of politician. Our national values and standards became the variable jetsam of circumstance, and through circumstance of fashion. As the old English gentleman lost his place, as the aristocracy lost its privilege, advertisement, the business man's panacea, secured the platform of democratic reason. Opinion, or conflict, took the place of example. The State, drifting ever further away from the idea of authority founded on the principle of responsibility, became the tool, no longer the master, of the whole, thus paralysing constructive effort in executive government and all sense of responsibility, as we have seen in the formula of government laid down by Mr. Asquith, as stated in his own words, "Wait and see."

All this Matthew Arnold predicted with unerring vision. The system, he wrote, would make the members of Govern-

ment "either merely solicitous for the gross advantage, the emolument, and self-importance which they derive from their offices, or else *timid, apologetic, and self-mistrustful* in filling them; *in either case, formal and inefficient.*"

These words might have been written yesterday of the late Coalition. The middle-class democracy gave us its inevitable democratic action, which may be described as the subordination of responsibility in proportion with the increased importance and authority of the multitude and the diminishing preponderance of all fixed ideas of national policy not supported by the majority or naturally unthinking section of the body politic. In France this completeness of democratic power is her main strength, but the source of that strength is her civic organisation derived from the logical genius of the Gallic mind. With us it has been exactly the contrary. The principles of the French Revolution never found root in these islands. We are essentially a self-reliant people, temperamentally indisposed to think or work in concert, as individualists seeking primarily the individual prize, thus thinking not democratically, but individualistically. That is the key of our development. As admiring deference to the governing class decayed the vigour and self-reliance of the individual expanded, not on the lines of organisation, as in France, but on the principle of independence or opinion, in this sense weakening the State, however beneficial to the development of the entity. In a word, democracy in England has developed on opposite lines to those of Republican France.

If in France the goal was equality the policy was one quintessentially of civic organisation. Not the liberty of the individual, but the liberty of France was the objective, and to this end order, education, system, discipline were the motive forces. Here individualism would have none of these things. Contrary to the French, we are temperamentally unlogical. Self-effort, individual success, which is the chief thing prized in Britain, had no use for such apparently antagonistic doctrines of liberty as order, education, system, discipline. As England is the home of religions, so man here is his own religion, hence his spiritual immobility, his castle home, his lack of integration. He

refuses "to be told." He loathes discipline, system, authority. He has no sense for order save by consent, as in the case of the authority of the policeman. Hating theory as a good individualist, he sees in government the virtue of his own equation. In all his ideas he is a voluntarist, and being first and foremost a business man he fears ideas or intellectual creation second only to death.

Thus Democracy has progressed in England as a business proposition rather than as a principle of national utility, without, that is, any thought for the efficiency of the whole, which in France, *per contra*, was the meaning and legacy of the Revolution. In its progress no man thought of the State, of the manner of government such a system, or want of system, would produce, or of the consequences of a happy-go-lucky polity, which in reality laid the foundations of anarchic thought or independence, united only when such a consensus of opinion could be found as would promote single or national effort. And this is what Ministers of the late Coalition meant when they told us a Government could only act by compulsion. They implied that the State was merely a popular institution unable to take action except at the goad of public opinion, popular in deed as well as in name. Lord Haldane, for example, has admitted his knowledge of German preparedness, but avowed he could do nothing because the people at home were ignorant of the fact, and therefore he could not instruct them, as otherwise he would have forfeited his popularity. It was the plea of a democratic politician, the servant of democratic servility. In popular language we may say that we get the Government we deserve, that politicians expect to be treated as the prize-lings shuffled into their places by lucky accident, who therefore are not to be blamed if they fail; which is to say, that as the public do not enforce responsibility from their rulers, so they must not expect responsibility: which again is the negation of government.

Probably no more cynical statement of government has ever been spoken. Yet it is a true statement. Englishmen did not want to hear of war, of a German peril, of international complications; they wanted to make money, to go on playing their games, to enjoy their week-ends, to indulge in their own insular politics, and in this com-

placent insulation the commercial spirit of Manchesterdom saw only the international values of the market. We heard Lord Roberts, we preferred to regard him as a fool. Countless voices informed us of the grave danger ahead, of our national responsibility by virtue of the agreement with France—we called such men cranks or panic-stricken journalists. Democracy without a standard had no vision, that is all. In the land of opinion one opinion is reckoned as good as another: Germany was regarded as such a matter of opinion. In the wilderness of a self-reliant, self-seeking individualism our values had come to be the values principally of success—wealth. It never occurred to men to think that money value is the most unspiritual or unimaginative in the world; that other peoples might not have the same values; that this was the age of science and so of equipment, of change and so of purpose, of ideas and so of application. An individualist State obviously can have no direction, no national foresight, no singleness of mentality. Living on an island remote from the quickening of Continental thought and movement, risen to unexampled grandeur of wealth and Empire, drunk with the imagined security granted by a Navy that had never been defeated, we grew up, as it were, in a world of our own; in a world of insular prejudice, ignorance, isolation, and European unreceptiveness, based on the illusion of a static inviolacy. We had even come to think that war was an impossibility, chiefly because the commercial spirit hoped that it was so. When war came upon us the whole structure of individualist democratic England crashed like a house of cards to the ground.

Not that we recognised this. Unfortunately, we did not. Men fought like madmen for the voluntary or casual principle, and though with elementary force the spirit of the people rose to the emergency, triumphing over all preconceived notions and prejudices, the middle-class attitude refused to be shaken out of its long lethargy, and we thought that the Government that was good enough in peace was also good enough for war. Only very slowly has this delusion vanished. Its recognition as a delusion is the direct cause of the fall of the late Coalition.

When Mr. Asquith in his explanation to the Liberal Party stated that he was the victim of a "well-organised,

carefully engineered conspiracy directed against members of the Cabinet," he spoke with that intellectual dishonesty characteristic of the popular politician. He implied that he fell through a conspiracy, not at the desire of the public, which is fantastic. For no man knows better than Mr. Asquith that as government in England depends upon opinion, so alone opinion can depose a Government. The truth is that no Minister ever had such opportunities, such power, such unstinted allegiance. The whole two-party electoral machinery was in his hands and practically the entire Press. For two years he was regarded by all classes as the "only" man. He became almost a mythological figure, so assured he seemed of the goodwill of all. And so much was this the case that men spoke of him as unmovable, while Ministers referred to him as "indispensable." Such a man, such a Government could only fall as the result of conditions, by no possibility of any attack or of any merely isolated discontent. That he himself should fail to gauge the revolution in public opinion which has taken place as the result of the accumulative effects of failure due palpably to misdirection or lack of direction of the war, can only be described as a disastrous instance of that mental unimaginativeness engendered in the instruments of democracy whose very passion they are unable to perceive. But Mr. Asquith himself admitted this unimaginativeness. "For over two years," he said, he had done everything in his power to "preserve the substantial unity of the nation"; he failed to see, and has failed to see during all that time, that the unity, which means the spirit, of England would look after itself in war, provided the direction of the war was efficient and men knew that the spirit was not ahead of the direction. And what fell short was not the spirit but the leadership, not the will but the statesmanship, not the sacrifice, the endeavour, the resolve, but the management which has always been too late and the policy which has never had a result. Alone the spirit of Britain has demonstrated its truth and vitality, and in the Imperial sphere this has indeed been the discovery of our civilisation to the astonishment of the world. Demos has played its part with noble impersonality. It is the governing element which has had no initiative, no directive utility, swamped in its own environment, enmeshed in the coils

of a non-constructive philosophy of State which in war is the negation of its own negation. In blaming these men we have first and foremost to blame ourselves.

For such is the lesson of the people's discovery which has led to Mr. Asquith's fall. Democracy has found out through the rude blows of war that direction is essential, that opinion is not the master but the slave of its genius. It is discovering that equality is a mere catchword, that a nerveless, hesitating, unintelligent, inefficacious rule in war leads to disaster, however much in time of peace it may be the determinant of contentment. It has realised that the inchoate State is not the machine to wage successful war with, that habits and attachments may be a weakness instead of a strength, that if the values are wrong, so also will be the achievements.

When I say wrong values, what do I mean? I mean chiefly that spirit which fears thought, which has made our education the laughing-stock of Europe, which drove Byron to curse his country and under the blight of Puritanism has formalised the national attitude into an unreverential mediocrity. No doubt this spirit of hypocrisy is largely the deposit of Puritanism or gospel of pain, which, grafted on an insular soil, severed us from the European mind and found specific vent in the abomination of all foreigners. Yet this in itself would not account for our unreceptivity. The reason lies in our low educational system acting on the assurance of an assumed Imperial supremacy.

The result is notorious in the decay of all standards. We have no national opera or theatre or academy of poetry or literature. We have no Ministry of Education or of the Arts. The whole province of art is left to fend for itself on the casual principle of commercial competition. In the schools the artist is despised, only physical performance counts; the creative faculty is not only neglected, but deprecated alike by masters and scholars. The expression of this neglect is only too visible in our great but essentially commercial Press, which, dependent solely upon advertisements, tends to become more and more controlled by business considerations in the guise of a syndicated Party interest. Thus the values of literary art to-day being commercial, the thought too is commercial, and in its wake

criticism also has become commercial. Democracy has learnt to read—there is money in her half understanding. Thus the multitude in the absence of guidance has set and lowered creative values in art and in public life. Criticism disappeared. Judgment no longer signified. England became the El Dorado for the amateur, the charlatan, the facile speaker, the hypocrite, the advertiser, and—the German Jew.

Thought in this country being regarded as a form of wickedness, the creative artist thus had to stand on his head or wear knickerbockers to obtain an audience. It became "good form" to stand on our heads. In the year 1914 I suppose England was as like Alice's Wonderland as even Peter Pan could desire. And so we find a Tribich Lincoln sitting in Parliament, and almost in the whole range of our life unreality, amateurishness, the posture and impostures of the "giddy ass," from "society" aping Musical Comedy to the game of musical chairs as played by Mr. Asquith's Government.

The "ca' canny" spirit of Trade Unionism, the notorious inefficiency of Englishmen—forty years ago we were the workshop of the world; to-day, well read the glossary in that little book, *Eclipse or Empire*—our contempt for ideas, science, knowledge, art; our wealth and ease, our individualistic disintegration, our shams and conventions, our vanity, our illusionism—all these are the things that have demoralised and degraded our public life so that titular honours were bought for cash; and though an Englishman invented the machine-gun, we had to learn at untold sacrifice its utility from the hands of the Germans.

And so when war struck us "unawares"—it is part of our system to be caught unawares—we found we had to advertise for an Army, and that everywhere the wrong men were in the responsible places. We hauled out of the Barebones cupboard the rusty Midshipman Easy crotchet of one Englishman being the equal of four foreigners; our Press was flooded with torrents of swagger and drivel; we polished up the school-boy notions of war such as "Never swop horses," "Don't speak to the man at the helm," and so singing of "Tipperary," while in real Tipperary the Irish were planning revolution, we idolised the apostle of "Wait and see" while he delegated responsibility to as

many Committees as he could appoint. And so the muddle, the screeching, the incompetence, the labour of democracy struggling against all its pet privileges, prejudices, traditions, and ideaisms continued until the innate common sense of Britons awoke from their slumber and men knew the awakening had come.

The awakening. Yes, that is the meaning of Mr. Asquith's fall. With him the old order of disorder has gone, the old self-complacency, the old illusions, and all that the England of *laissez faire* amateurishness stood for. It is the call, the blast of a free people determined to be free. We go back to the spirit of Pitt. "Roll up the map," he said. Such is our purpose again to-day. The dawn of a new era has opened. At last we know. Once more we are beginning to see things as they are, to return to true values—to understand. Instead of wait and see, the formula now is, "It is never too late." England is awake. It is our hope and the first great victory we have won, for self-victory is the hardest of all victories. In our case it was the absolute precondition of success. Now that we have won that battle, it is for us all to open the sluice-gates of our minds and strike on, young and undaunted in our new apparel to safeguard our great heritage.

The New Government

By the Editor

THE right thing has been done at last, and the "Indispensables" have made way for a National Government with some assurance of responsibility. A little audacity, that was all that was needed. As Beaumarchais is said to have made the French Revolution, so the *Daily Mail* brought about our little revolution; for that it is a revolution both in party and public life no man can doubt, though probably it is only a foretaste of the changes that will be forced upon us with the progress of the war. Britain looks gratefully to the man who performed this needful task, the new Prime Minister, but Britain must not forget that the man who made it so easy for Mr. Lloyd George to prick the bubble of "indispensability" is the man who has inspired every necessary step so far in the war—Lord Northcliffe.

Readers of this REVIEW know that what has taken place has been advocated editorially for over a year; I trust they will see in the results the justification for every word of criticism and censure printed in these pages. In a letter to the *Times*, July 15th, 1915, I showed that we must have a War Government, that responsibility must be enforced, that to continue on the sloppy, slovenly ways of Mr. Asquith's Coalition compromise was to make straight for disaster. Since then I have never swerved from the impersonal responsibility attaching to editorship in time of war. What I have urged upon Ministers again and again, publicly and privately, has at last, through stress of circumstance, been forced upon them. Now that the axe has fallen upon the old *régime* of dilatoriness we may, I trust, look to the new birth of Responsibility as the measure of new opportunity.

It is well to state here our position. THE ENGLISH REVIEW is not run for party interest, nor is it run to provide

dividends for shareholders, nor is it amenable to any proprietary or group control. It will continue to speak out fearlessly and impersonally, no matter what Minister is in power, reserving the right to apportion blame as it sees the interests of the country. A year ago I tried to get the editors of the leading London newspapers together that they should meet and hold counsel with the object of securing a basis for common responsibility of view and action, but the attempt failed utterly, the Press being to-day in the power of proprietorship rather than of editors, who in the commercial conditions of modern journalism have conspicuously lost their identity. To-day the responsibility of the Press is even more important than a year ago. We may say that it is a Press revolution which has brought about the change of Government. Revolution leads to revolution. At this grave hour in our history the Press is destined to be more than ever the Government of a country traditionally and actually ruled by opinion. The duties of the Press to-day are thus very clear and onerous. The Press is the nerve system of Britain. If it fails in its specific task, no Government can succeed. On its impersonal attitude to-day, on the fearless creativeness of its judgments, on its expression of national responsibility Mr. Lloyd George's direction will stand or fall, and, let the Press remember, will deserve to stand or fall.

The striking thing about the new Government is obviously its imaginativeness. Tradition has been thrown aside. The Prime Minister is free to devote himself solely to the war. Instead of the eccentricities of the Cabinet, and in place of a War Council of seven ultimately subservient to the mandate of the whole, we have now a fighting direction of four, two without portfolio, to the counsels of which very properly the Leader of the House of Commons, now Mr. Bonar Law, has free access. This is an immense advance on any previous system of War Government. It means that the Premier has not to stand up in Parliament to be cross-examined, which office now falls to the lot of Mr. Bonar Law, thereby enabling Mr. Lloyd George to apply himself to the business of war—quite enough for any single man—which hitherto has not been the case. We thus have a true

War Government under the direction and inspiration of a single mind, which is the precondition of that decision in military policy which for the last two years has been so disastrously lacking.

It is not the best War Cabinet we could have got, for the inclusion of Mr. Henderson, who on the eve of the crisis had opened the oratorical campaign which was to proclaim yet again the indispensability of the late Coalition, is palpably a political nomination, due, of course, to the imponderabilia of conditions, which exigency, as we can all see, has influenced, and in precise proportion has tainted, the formation of the Government as a whole. However, there it is—Labour, our masters. I think a great many people will wonder why a man like Lord Sydenham, who has shown such sound common sense in his public utterances since 1914, is excluded, whereas Mr. Henderson is included; to which the answer is that Cabinet-making is not so easy as it seems.

On the whole, the War Cabinet is sound. Lord Milner knows the enemy; he has detachment, vision; he and Sir Alfred Moritz Mond have the exact, German-trained mind. The War Council is what we need—it is a War Council. It will have power. Its business will be to take decisions, not refer them to Committees. There would seem no reason why these four gentlemen should not do very well, provided they have a definite military policy and stick to their objective and, above all, see that it is carried out. That will be their difficulty, and that is the reason why regret is felt that whole work has not been done.

It is a question of principle. The experience of the last two years has shown that principle is necessary, that war is not the faculty of our politicians. But we are the most unlogical people in Europe. We never go to first causes. The spirit of compromise which has saturated our public life is the spirit of a commercial doctrine; it is reflected in the new Government, and so we find many of the members of the late Coalition still ensconced in their nests or in other nests, regardless of the first principle of responsibility, which should have been Mr. Lloyd George's

basic and irreducible condition. To substitute Mr. Balfour for Viscount Grey is a half-measure. Mr. Balfour belongs, by predilection, temperament, and training, to the old school of political compromise. Neither he, nor Mr. Long, nor Mr. Chamberlain have shown initiative, understanding of the needs of the hour, nor responsibility; they should not have been included; nor have the performances of Sir F. E. Smith been such as to warrant a contango. They have seen things drifting month after month; they said nothing, did nothing; they are just as morally reprehensible as Mr. Asquith.

In other and brilliantly hopeful respects Mr. Lloyd George has knit admirably. The inclusion of men like Dr. Addison, Lord Devonport, Sir Joseph Maclay, Lord Rhondda, Sir A. Stanley, Mr. R. S. Prothero is not only an innovation, it is the beginning of that beginning which the soldiers of the new England will demand and, after the war, carry to completion. These appointments are excellent. They have arisen out of the new conditions in conformity with the organic revolution that is shaping and recasting this country in the crucible of war: they are men of the age and of the exigencies of the hour, and they owe their posts to the right principle of selection. The case of the appointment of Dr. H. A. L. Fisher is even more significant and symptomatic. Here all Englishmen who love their country will applaud. His appearance is of epochal importance. If the task be Herculean, the goodwill of sane men will go with him. He will need a sharp knife, and if only the blade is as sound and true as the man he may be able to lay foundations of white stone.

Mr. Hodge, Mr. Barnes both have formidable tasks. The eyes of the world are upon them. They have but to screw their courage to the sticking-place and they will not fail. Labour has the grand opportunity. Let them but look to the example of Social Democracy across the Rhine and they will find inspiration sufficient for any battle. It remains but to tender congratulations to Sir E. Carson. He left the late Government like a brave man, thereby giving proof of high moral courage, and if only Mr. Lloyd George had followed him *then*, as I, for one, implored him

to do, the great consummation that has just taken place would have been achieved a year ago, and the *whole face of the war might well have been changed in our favour.* His presence in the Cabinet postulates action. And though it is characteristically amateurish to send a civilian to the Admiralty in war, still, if we will insist on being amateurish perhaps Sir E. Carson is the best man we could have chosen.

The Government will, and must, be judged on results. It has colossal work to do. Right across its path is Ireland, and here, if the Premier has any constructive imagination at all beyond the vitality of impulse, he will act. He must cut away from wooden party tradition and that sterility of attitude which regards Ireland as a satrapy of a part of the whole, and rise to the nobility of Imperial integration. It is his chance, and our chance. The question of Ireland * can be *solved Imperially*, if only by an Imperial board of arbitration. Why not do it? We are fighting for Empire. This war will decide our whole one way or the other. In that whole Ireland has her lawful and integral place. It is we in England who have to learn to think Imperially, not the Empire. It is our English lack of imagination which has failed to see in this war the truth of our own genius, which to-day lies in the bodies of those great virile men who have come to fight for us from across the seas and in the spiritual unity of that inspiration. Here Ireland and the Imperial idea are one, however much Ireland and England conspire to keep alive a mediæval border feud antagonism. And only through this, the intellectual reason of Imperial integument, will Ireland now consent to share a common responsibility, and only so shall we win to any enduring completion of Empire, as, indeed, only so will there ultimately be such justification.

The Irish question to-day is not only a monstrosity, it is a positive shame to our intelligence. I had hoped that the Premier would at least have found room for an Imperial representation in the War Cabinet, the absence of which is an astonishing omission from whatever angle one views it. It is a mistake which I trust Mr. Lloyd George will soon

* It was largely the Irish who defeated Hughes in Australia ; imperially, the Irish hostility is the dominant factor against us.

rectify. Here, again, there is the old want of vision and the half-measure. Perhaps Lord Milner will see to it.

There is one other point which I earnestly beg the Premier to consider—the handling of opinion. The danger is that the supporting Press of Mr. Lloyd George may tend to become the "hush-up" Press, and the opponent or disgruntled organs the vitalising platform of opinion. Already there are unmistakable signs of this old party dodge in the almost childish views expressed about Roumania and "starving" Germany. The whole censorship needs reorganisation. Any attempt to police the Press, to stifle legitimate expression, to silence views at the expense of doctored news, will lead to conditions which may render the Government's task impossible. A healthy Parliamentary Opposition should be welcomed—one of the causes of the Coalition failure was this absence of an Opposition. The Press should be encouraged to think constructively, to tell the people the facts, to create not illusionary hopes, but a hopeful realisation of the task confronting the Allies, which at present, under the old *régime* of Ministerial untruthfulness and newspaper blinkers, the public is quite ludicrously unaware of. I foresee grave pitfalls in this direction. At this hour the need is of the big view. If the Premier will only trust to the spirit of the country he will find what his predecessor never discovered—a nation calling to be led.

Of policy, there is this to say: there is so little policy to pick up that Mr. Lloyd George can start anew with a clear conscience. But first he must unravel. Thanks to the unintelligible neglect of the Coalition, the strategic situation in Europe has now been restricted to what already amounts to a sheer tactical contingency, so that to-day there is not much policy to lose. Grave decisions are urgent. For one, there is the Mesopotamian army sitting "Dharma" in the desert; for another, there is the fantastic tangle of our position in Greece, arising out of which there is the situation in Macedonia which seems destined to be the resultant objective of Roumania's obliteration and may, if a decision is not swiftly and resolutely reached, culminate in yet another disaster. These things are the legacy of

that military statesmanship which has been everything in turn except military. We have not stated our position towards Poland. Our whole military policy so far has been General Optimism. I hope Mr. Lloyd George will now give us the strategy of Common Sense. Good strategy is common sense—the obvious. We want it here. And we want a new register, which may any day prove useful, if only as a Referendum.

So far we have had no military objective, as we have at last come to realise through the humiliation of Roumania, which has brought about the fall of the Russian and British Premiers and a crisis in France leading to the reconstruction of both the civil and military commands, whereas Mackensen has obtained his baton. The late Coalition never had a policy, it acted on circumstance and conjuncture, and as its judgment was invariably wrong, both as regards actual conditions and potentialities, its policy of luck inevitably proved luckless, as is generally the case in war. Germany, on the other hand, has a single aim—the consolidation of Germanic power in the Near East. It is the conception of Central Europe. But our military policy has never developed since the idea was—Paris. It has stood still, looking at the Western front, while the Germans hacked a route through to the East. If we are to frustrate that ambition, which at the end of the third summer of war stands *in esse*, or militarily realised, we, too, must have a policy, and we must have the force to develop the argument on the physical lines selected by Germany.

The weakness here is our Foreign Office, and that is the reason—the sole reason—why a Balfour-Cecil combination is resented. Under Viscount Grey's tenancy, we lost the exalted *rôle* played by what used to be the greatest office in Europe, because the Foreign Office became the scuttle of a visionary and sentimental Theosophism. We have lost our commanding position, though our sea-power entitles us more than ever to that prerogative, with what results we have seen in the indescribable feebleness of the Allied diplomacy in Greece. The truth is that during the last year we have been the tail instead of the head of Allied diplomacy. It is time we raised our head. There is much

to remedy in the pettiness shown towards America. There is everything to redress, for, as Clausewitz well said: "Everything is apt to miscarry in war which is not undertaken with clear conviction and carried out with whole will and energy." In war policy is as inseparable from action, as in peace force is the determinant of policy. It is our policy which has been so weak, the utter failure to view the war strategically, to think Europeanly. Now Mr. Balfour said, November 11th, 1915: "We have always been behindhand in this war. That is part of what I may call the admitted commonplaces of the situation." Those are the words of a metaphysician, and so of a metapolitician. It is a fatal attitude in war. So old King Cole might have spoken, for a "merry old soul was he," but to-day the old gentleman is an anachronism. Our Foreign Office reform is the great need of the day. Root and branch, it needs expurgation. Can any man who knows Mr. Balfour hope that he is the man to puke and purge? Here I must fain quote Mr. Asquith: "I am afraid that we must 'Wait and see.'"

If Mr. Lloyd George will but accept the principle of responsibility he will be able to secure it; such is the precondition of success. Mr. Asquith failed because of his inability to grasp the necessity of new methods, hence his inability to discover and utilise talent. Our system, vested interest, militates against the selection and utilisation of talent. The Premier's business is to break that system. He will have to drive his imaginative "tank" across the trenches of departmental conservatism and incompetence in search of the right men, here, there, and everywhere. In a word, he will have to select and he will have to sift.

To sift. To go on sifting until he finds the needful efficiency. If he will only have that motto written up on the walls of the offices and departments, where every room is papered with the inscription: "Tradition, prejudice, privilege," he will find not only response, but what, above all things, is needed—responsibility. His success as energiser of the nation will depend on his capacity to find and utilise its brains.

The Kaiser's Christmas Box

By Austin Harrison

When a doctor is sent for in a difficult case of sickness his precise value depends upon diagnosis. If his diagnosis is wrong the patient may die and frequently does die, but if the diagnosis is right, then in nine cases out of ten the sufferer has a fair chance of recovery. Diagnosis depends upon judgment, judgment depends upon—man. It is so with the war. Our diagnosis has been wrong. Our judgment has been at fault and was never more so than in July of this year.

It is absolutely necessary to face this fact if we are to win the war, and now that Roumania has proved to us the curiously unscientific nature of our diagnosis this summer we have wisely changed our doctors, and when I say we, I include our Allies, who have been equally at fault.

The reason of this is not far to seek; it is the result primarily of our quite peculiar ignorance of Germany, and not only of Germany as a power actual and potential, but of the character and psychology of the German race, whether viewed through the lens of history or in the light of their development since the Bismarckian consolidation of Empire. I lived for many years in Berlin and I was always astonished at the absence of English visitors; indeed, with the exception of a few men who annually attended manœuvres and that sort of thing, such as Lord Lonsdale, I can hardly recall ever having come across any student of German affairs and conditions, and in the whole of my sojourn there I only met four Frenchmen, non-residents. Our ignorance of Germany was simply colossal in 1914: unfortunately, it still is. Hence the singular faultiness of our military diagnosis.

There is no reason why this should not be admitted to-day; we have our lesson in Roumania. In July of this year it was the considered opinion of the Allied Intelligence

Departments that Germany was "pumped out"; that in August the backbone of the German defensive would be broken, thus leading to that shattered *moral* which has been the annual prediction of every armchair strategist from the first month of war. I had occasion to speak with some of the directive Allied authorities last July and I listened to them with amazement. In turn they listened to me with that unfailing courtesy which is the Frenchman's prerogative, yet, I could see, with indulgent indifference. I tried hard to show that it was not mere opinion I was offering, but the conviction of calculated judgment based on positive foundations and formed from sure premisses derived from many years of intelligent study of German military power. I was offered the usual anti-bilious pill. As a fact, we have achieved rather less on the Western front this summer than I, in the spring of this year, anticipated.

When Roumania entered the war it was as certain as things can be in war that she would be crushed, unless Russia supported her with at least 300,000 men adequately gunned and munitioned; but we thought otherwise. The idea was that Germany never could embark upon an offensive again after Verdun and the Somme, and so with almost inconceivable misjudgment the Roumanians were allowed—I use the word deliberately, as it was, of course, common knowledge to the Allied General Staff *—to plunge into an adventure across the Alps instead of throwing their entire weight upon Sofia, which was the obvious and only thing to do.

Roumania has paid the penalty of bad Staff judgment, with what results to those responsible we now know. And Germany offers Peace.

Now, what is the diagnosis of this Peace Offer? Is it the admission of declension. Is it an act of desperation? Does it portend the end of Germany's tether?

It is my deliberate opinion that Germany offers Peace because she has obtained what she wants, and, like the boxer who has won a lot of fights, now thinks the hour has come to retire and live on his earnings. That is the main motive. There are others. One is the home consideration.

* I, myself, heard of the project fully a year ago from a high Roumanian authority at a dinner—it had "all been worked out," he said. Roumania would "astonish the world."

In order to carry out Hindenburg's Levy assent is indispensable. The people must be shown that it is the Allies who are prolonging the war, whereas the Kaiser is anxious for peace on the terms Germany has won to. A gregarious, sequacious people like the Germans must have an oriflamme. The onus is transfixed. Good Socialists can now proclaim their theory as perfectly compatible with the German purpose, which, instead of being offensive, has "magnanimously" become defensive—to secure German rights of development.

It has given the Germans at home a face. They can now argue and demonstrate defensively instead of offensively. They can pose as the peace-loving nation.

The offer is further aimed at neutrals. "It is not our fault," the Germans will henceforth say, "if prices rise and things grow more and more unpleasant, for we are ready for peace any day," and particularly is this addressed to the sentimentalism of America. No doubt the offer has also a more cunning object—atmosphere. To start the atmosphere of Peace, to get men talking of the old happy days round the fires at Christmas-time, to sow the seeds of irresolution. Some months ago the Germans announced they would offer Peace. They have done it, as they say,* "according to schedule," and naturally it has been rejected.

From the day when the Paris *coup de théâtre* failed, the Germans have seen their chance in the Pan-German landslide in the Near East. At the outset they thought they could compass both objectives and but for the force of sea-power it is conceivable that they might have. But when Paris failed, and Hindenburg struck in the summer of 1915 eastwards, it was clear that the psychological spot was the Danube, as Bismarck foresaw. Our failure to send forces sufficient to hold the Serbian Danube crossing was the capital blunder of the war, and from that moment France to the Germans became the secondary theatre of war. That omission was the *supreme omission* of Mr. Asquith's Government. Out of it the Greek imbroglio has arisen; the loss of Roumania, the negative strategic position in Europe to-day, and what we have to face is the indisputable fact that if Germany can hold what she has got in the Balkans she will have won the war.

* I assume this.

That is why she offers Peace.

Some of my friends have said to me: "Why do you attack Mr. Asquith? People don't understand it." To which I have always answered: "Because I have watched the Coalition month after month throwing away our chances, always failing to do the winning thing, omitting, losing one opportunity after the other.

At the beginning of the war we possessed, with our sea-power, absolutely the winning strategic advantages—instead of using our sea-power we have seemed afraid to use it. Pray don't think I refer to the Navy; I mean the map of Europe as influenced by any Power in command of the seas. After the battle of the Marne our central objective should have been (at all costs) juncture with the Russian armies, and if we had only worked eastwards instead of riveting our attention on a line which for two years has offered no strategic possibilities, there can be small doubt but that such juncture could have been effected, thereby eliminating Turkey. But we never looked at the map of Europe, we looked only at the map of France. We have never really grasped the truth of this awful war; that it is not another Franco-German affair, but a movement of races, and, as the expression of a whole group of races, thus differing from all other wars or conceptions of war and, consequently, unlikely to be decided on the old military lines of decisions on this or that battlefield.

I can see no analogy between this war and the Napoleonic campaigns. The superiority against Napoleon was five times as great as is the superiority of the Allies against the Central Powers; and in those days there was Nelson. After 1805 the seas were British lakes. Our ships lay calmly at anchor before the French ports, and not a ship could leave her coasts, except, of course, a few smugglers and "privateersmen." Buonaparte was literally blockaded, North, West, and South, whereas our trade routes were as safe as in peace, and sea-power knew no submarine danger, and we could transplant men where we pleased with sovereign impunity.

That is not the position to-day, because the mechanics of sea-power are now conditioned over-sea and under the seas. Pitt never had to think of his trade routes, of food, of maritime conjunctures, or, very much, of men, for Nelson

had relieved him of all such anxiety. Relatively few Englishmen *fought* in the Napoleonic wars; our main *rôle* was munificence. We paid. We inspired. We set the example. And where we did fight, as in Spain, we had open warfare against secondary forces. Also, where Boney was beaten was in this secondary theatre, Spain.* Waterloo was the cumulative result of exhaustion.

To-day we have to counter submarines. There is no open warfare left. We ourselves are partly blockaded, though this is due mainly to our remissness in looking after food supplies. This is not a war of mercenaries, as in Napoleon's days—which was the case on both sides—but the concentration of a whole European group of Powers fighting for existence against another group geographically shut off from one another. Further, it is a war of material; it is thus essentially a matter of group socialisation of production, whereas in the Napoleonic wars the genius was strategy.

To expect quick decisions in the conventional sense would thus seem folly, and equally so to expect any sudden collapse in *moral* capable of affecting more than a fractional part of the whole in a war extending over thousands of miles and contested by as many millions as Napoleon saw thousands.

It seems to me imperative that we should come to a right diagnosis of the war, which differs from all other wars in that it is first and last a struggle between the resources, engineering and organising capacities, national discipline, character, and extremity of sacrifice, not so much of the armies engaged as of the entire respective combatant populations in what has become specifically a democratic lethal industry. Napoleon and his Generals had to fight Wellington, Nelson, Blücher, and the Russian winter, but to-day even the Russian winters have changed. Then, the task was mainly *physical*. We are fighting industry against industry, science against science, brains against brains, organisation against organisation, man and woman *versus* man and woman.

* In this war, the Balkans is the venue that Spain was in those days, and Napoleon's crowning mistake was when he neglected his own axiom and struck at the strongest point, Russia, instead of annihilating Wellington in Spain—from which mistake he never recovered.

It is, in truth, Armageddon. The Germans went to war to manifest the philosophy of force, and in this they challenged Western civilisation. They think to-day they can hold what they have won, thereby showing that they have learnt nothing. That they will hold on as long as they can, we may assume. Our job in 1917 is to prove to them that their force is as insecure as their philosophy; but until we do prove that the Kaiser will not go to Canossa, as the splendiferous language of his Peace Offer proclaims ostentatiously enough to all men.

What the Allies need is judgment. Full appreciation of the task before them, a true diagnosis. The war of attrition is only beginning: it is a new thing in war, except in the land of the enemy, who on various occasions have literally been burnt, starved, and shot out. No people has ever endured greater misery than the Germans, as any man can see who runs through a decent history of the Thirty Years' War, or the Peasants' War, or the conditions of Prussia under the heel of Napoleon. We must bear this in mind. Attrition is no novelty to the Hun. It has been his fate through history. His challenge was sent forth for "World Power or downfall." His fate is the symbol of our destiny.

The clearer, therefore, we grasp (all of us) the indispensable condition of success—an all-national, organised, disciplined socialisation of war-productive energy, male and female—the sooner we shall be in the position in our turn to send Kaiser William a Peace Offer of, let us hope, a more productive kind than that projected at our heads from Berlin as a "victorious" Christmas box.

The Roumanian Operations

By Major Stuart-Stephens

WHEN is an army of to-day no longer an army? To which may be answered, "When shell-famine closes its *bouche de feu*." Such was the position of the Roumanian forces retreating on Bukarest—and beyond. Here was an army, vastly numerically superior, retiring before two invading columns, each in point of numbers of apparently negligible value, and each separated from the other by apparently a non-negotiable gap as to space and time, accentuated by —again apparently—insurmountable natural obstacles. Here was a situation which a trifle more than a hundred years ago would have been airily disposed of by Napoleon by a pinch of snuff, some play with his handkerchief, and the remark over his shoulder to the nearest of his moustached confidants, "I have got them now." But if the great master of the greatest of all games had been leading the Roumanian army in the same circumstances as that of the retreat from the Danube, he would have had to confess himself hopelessly baffled. In the "Little Corporal's" day Murat would probably have temporarily relieved so exasperating a situation by a wide-sweeping cavalry movement, resulting in the capture of a useful proportion of the divided and numerically inferior enemy's ammunition provision. So might the Federal Phil Sheridan or the Confederate J. E. B. Stuart in the American Civil War, or De Wet in our own "little unpleasantness" in South Africa; but then conditions were wholly different, in so far that the solution of the problem of man-flying had not almost ruled out of war the element of cavalry surprise. Apparently—throughout apparently—the rules of the game were in favour of Roumania. "Military commentators," official and otherwise, had reassured the non-military lieges of these realms that (1) the wide dispersion of the invaders clearly invited in detail disastrous defeat; (2) that an overwhelming reinforcement of Russians was *en route;*

(3) and most convincing of all, that the Berlin General Staff were the very last authorities on the face of the globe to take wild-cat risks.

All these comforting expectations have failed to materialise. The decisive thrust for Bukarest was pushed home uninterfered with by the phantom menace of a Russian army in overpowering force—an army which, like "the Spanish ships, are not in view because they are not yet in sight."

As I have already said, the Berlin General Staff, contrary to the almost universally expressed opinion in this non-military country of ours, will unhesitatingly take risks when their superb Intelligence Service has made plain the strategic and tactical inferiority of an opponent.

Thus in the seven weeks' war of 1866 neutral military critics in Paris, London, and, of course, New York were unanimous in condemning the widely separated advances into Bohemia of the Prussian King's army and that of his son, the Crown Prince Frederick.

Disaster was predicted as a certainty for the—apparently, again apparently—hopeless operation undertaken by old Moltke. Yet the two converging, widely-divided bases arrived in front of their fighting objective, the late Franz Joseph's army.

The result trembled in the balance owing to the non-arrival of the Crown Prince's command, yet Moltke and von Bismarck felt certain that the conjunction would, if delayed, still not fail to materialise.

For at dawn the Chief of the Prussian Staff with the King's army had been informed by a peasant prisoner, captured by Uhlan scouts, that he had just observed great flights of birds taking place over a neighbouring forest.

Prussian confidence was, as we know, justified when the two armies established co-operation in front of the Emperor's forces, and then the Prussian breech-loading gun manifested its superiority over the spluttering gas-pipes of the Emperor's numerically superior army.

Here is an instance of the Prussian *Grosser Stab* taking a risk.

Such was the lesson of Königgrätz, one to be, a half-century later, repeated in the swift and decisive Roumanian campaign.

But, apart from the daring strategy displayed by the brain of the Kaiser's war-machine, the feature which compels my unwilling admiration is the manner in which the enemy's leaders have successfully overcome within the indispensable time limit seemingly insurmountable geographical obstacles. First there was the problem of the mountain passes of the Carpathian Alps. Never since the achievement of the crossing of the greater Alps by those masters of war, Hannibal and Napoleon, has a General been confronted with a greater task in military engineering than the forcing of the mountain roads that led into the last Teutonic conquest; owing to the peculiar formation of this mountain *terrain*, the Germans, confronted by the Roumanians, entrenched on "secondary crests." In the Carpathian range these are, as in most mountain regions, *au premier* the "main crest." From this altitude, usually spread out like the ribs from a backbone, a number of ravines go down to the plains on either side. And these ravines or passes are linked by humped-up "secondary crests" parallel to the "main crest," which come down on either side upon the valleys of the streams which the mountains feed.

When these short spurs present themselves in fairly even succession, each pair facing on either side of pass or stream, they form natural flanking fortresses opposed to an invader attempting to descend the valleys after having forced the summits of the passes; and resistance is easier for the defending forces in proportion to the regularity and close succession of those humped-up, dominating "secondary crests." The mountain campaign undertaken by the German invader was on a scale similar to that won by Sir Frederick (afterwards Lord) Roberts in 1878-79 in Afghanistan, the difference being that the man from Berlin had to turn, as a *dernier ressort*, not one, but a score of Peiwar Kotal Passes. Then that truly marvellous achievement, the passage of the Danube, one of the widest riverways on the European continent, and possessed of a current in parts running to a velocity of *eighteen miles* an hour.

Poor, old, effete Europe can still beat "God's own country" in the matter of, if not the biggest rivers in the world, at least the distinction of possessing the highest current speed in a river artery. The Mississippi reaches

at bends fifteen miles an hour, so does "the mighty Missouri rolling down to the sea," but the "Blue Danube" of Strauss's immortal waltz, with its *café au lait* coloured flood pursuing its course to that geographical monstrosity, the narrow-necked Black Sea, runs at an unheeding course of a dozen and a half miles an hour. Observe from the back windows of the Savoy, or other commanding vantage-point, the sluggish waters of old Father Thames pursuing their tranquil way, at the most tumultuous section of the river's course, at an impetuosity of only four miles to the sixty minutes, and consider what a marvellous feat was accomplished when the enemy pioneer battalions improvised the safe passage for an invading host of Europe's most important internal water frontier. Until this impressive achievement in military engineering was a veritable *fait accompli* not a whisper of what was in progress was permitted to reach the world's Press. Again Prussian secrecy cloaking preparation for a Prussian *coup de main*, as with the encircling movement around Macmahon's doomed army at Sedan. Some years ago, in the Fatherland on a secret mission for the French Military Intelligence Department, I contrived to obtain a glimpse at Metz of a "park" of pontoons of superior size to those which we were accustomed to see used by our own Royal Engineers at the autumn manœuvres on the upper reaches of the Thames. They were destined, I learned, for the bridging of the Meuse round Verdun when the inevitable war with France eventuated. Last February these temporary bridge constituents were railed from Metz to the rear bases of the Crown Prince's army of investment, and after the effort to break through at Verdun was abandoned they were dispatched to Vienna in anticipation of the stroke at Roumania. Surely the dispatch of this huge pontoon-train to the South must have given the hint to the Allies that a crossing of the Danube was in the air?

Yet this portent passed without its sinister significance being grasped by our "trained" watchers, who are, on behalf of our Intelligence Department, supposed to be safely installed in the belligerent capitals. These pontoons were towed into position by torpedo-boats after the few Roumanian craft of a like kind had been captured, and were anchored with a new type of pontoon-boat anchor —an American invention, by the way.

A quartet of bridges was thus constructed, wide enough to permit of the "break-step" march of infantry in "double fours," and, meanwhile, the number and abundant munitionment of the enemy 12-in. "Long Toms" so completely dominated the Roumanian artillery on the northern bank that islet after islet was, without appreciable loss, linked up. Again the lesson of satisfying the monstrous appetite of the *bouche de feu* of the armies of to-day. The Roumanian lean 3-in. and 6-in. cannon and howitzers were starving for their metallic and chemical food. *Au contraire*, "Fat Bertha" and her sisters were allotted double diet. Always the lesson of this artillery war—shells, and more of them; big guns, and still yet bigger guns.

The result of this surprising campaign is now unveiled for the edification of that "eminent military critic," as the late Lord Salisbury sarcastically described our old friend, the "man in the street." Germany has secured for herself, after perhaps contemptuously tossing to Austria a crust or two, all that she is in urgent need of: fats for human beings, who cannot go on living interminably without life-warming fat with their daily bread; fats for her guns, which cannot continue very much longer in action without a reliable provision of fat for the manufacture of high explosives; flour for her war-bread; fodder for her horse transport; and, more than all, oil for her motor transport. The future provision of oil obtained by Roumania's conquest is simply staggering.

It is no exaggeration to say that the fall of Bukarest, though the loss of its capital is a moral blow to any country, will have less serious consequences for the Allied cause than the conquest of the oil-bearing zone. In 1915 one-and-a-half million tons of oil were treated through the refineries, and this gave, among other products, 25 per cent. of petrol. Of this total Roumania exported 429,000 tons of refined products, 98 per cent. of which went to Germany and Austria, and of that 98 per cent. only 3 per cent. was petrol, the Roumanian Government having decided to treat petrol as contraband. There is, therefore, a very considerable stock of petrol in Roumania—in all probability not far short of a million tons.

The obtaining of the oil region by Germany will be of more importance to her than the granaries, as she has been

practically dependent on Roumania for her oil during the war. It is true there was Galicia to draw from, but these fields were out of the enemy's hands for some time, and a considerable amount of destruction was done there by the Russians when they evacuated the oil district.

The following is a list of the most important centres of the oil industry :—

Moreni	Tintea
Bustenari	Telega
Baicoiu	Bordeni
Campina	Chiciura
Ploesti	

Of these districts, Ploesti is the centre. It contains many refineries and large stocks of oil. The chief pumping and storage station of the Government pipe line is also situated here, and the town is quite one of the most important railway centres in Roumania. From Ploesti the main railway line runs direct to Sinaia and through the Predeal Pass, passing Tintea and Baicoiu, two oilfields situated on the plain, and thence on to Campina, another great oil centre, where *the biggest refinery in Europe* is situated, belonging to the Steaua Romana—a German company. From Campina the oilfields of Telega and Bustenari (the second most important field in Roumania) are within easy access by road, being about nine to thirteen miles distant. These fields are in the foothills of the Carpathians, and consequently more difficult to get at. Adjoining them are Bordeni and Chiciura, which are not connected by railway, but are within sixteen miles of Ploesti by road. All these fields are north and north-east of Ploesti. Still farther east are the oilfields of Buzen, less developed up to the present.

North-west of Ploesti lies the most important oilfield in Roumania from the point of view of production—namely, Moreni, which is reached by road from Ploesti at a distance of about twenty-five miles. To the west of this again is the town of Tirgovistea, which contains refineries and a considerable stock of oil. Two of the very best roads in Roumania are the Bukarest-Ploesti and Ploesti-Campina roads, especially constructed for heavy traffic, being carriageable all times of the year.

The oil industry in Roumania, though it only rose to importance in 1899, when the production was 250,000 tons, has grown with remarkable rapidity. In 1907 the million mark was passed, the production gradually increasing until in 1914 it had reached 1,800,000 tons. During the last two years the average has been over 1,500,000 tons, development work having been considerably restricted during the war from lack of materials.

The almost certain political result of this last German *coup* will be that the Balkan nations, with their twenty-four millions, and Turkey, with her twenty-one millions, must, willy-nilly, serve the interests of Berlin; while an Ottoman Empire subservient to the German Empire will form a bridge to Asia and Africa, to India and Egypt, thus menacing the Caucasus and Russian Central Asia. All depends for us now on General Sarrail being able to hold the Salonika zone; and there his position is rendered less comfortable by the presence practically in his rear of King Tino and his ingrates.

Magna Charta for the National Gallery

By Francis Howard

The time has come for a reconstruction of the government —of the National Gallery.

The Bill before Parliament is an unwitting confession of this—and of failure; it is a mere palliative for a hopeless malady. Even if passed without restrictions as to gifts and legacies, and operated under the most favourable conditions, it will only yield—according to the estimates of its sponsors—about £250,000, and it is reputed that offers above this amount have been made for only two of the pictures it is designed to save. While failing, therefore, in its chief object, it will antagonise prospective donors and devisors, to the loss for all time of who can say what treasures.

The feudal Board must go! Peer politicians and other magnates have had a long trial and been found wanting. The private interests of several of these as vendors of famous pictures for personal profit are not compatible with the aspirations of the institution they control. The Board should be almost entirely reconstituted and at the very least effectively leavened with those whose chief and life-long occupation has been the technical study of art. Had such been its constitution in the past, ways and means would have been found long since to secure the works desired and augment our national collection in many minor ways.

Even as at present constituted, the Board has always had administrative and financial power, and frequent opportunity, to acquire needed and desirable things at nominal expenditure. And this, owing to the lack of trained knowledge and unity of action which only trained knowledge promotes, has been where it has failed most signally.

Very recent opportunities missed were the precious early signed Bronzino, of a type unrepresented at the

National Gallery, and the exceptional miniature by Holbein, both sold at auction for less than £100 each; also the Massacio sold under the same conditions for about £200 not long after the Trustees had paid £7,000 for one.

The recent "Report of the Committee of Trustees" giving an "appendix of painters unrepresented" contains many artists whose works have been bought at auction at bargain prices during the last fifteen years. Among them I remember typical examples of nearly all the British painters enumerated.

Without referring to notes or catalogues, I recall representative works, purchased for less than £100 each, of di Tivoli, Ribot, Monticelli, A. Kaufmann, H. Robert, Lenbach, von Balen, Brueghel the Elder, Pourbus the Elder, Leandro Bassano, Domenico Feti, Strozzi Albani, Segantini, Magnasco, Rosalba, Rottenhamer, Sisley, Lairesse, Mytens, Netscher, Hanneman, and Breenberg—all in the "appendix of unrepresented painters."

On occasion I have brought opportunities to the notice of individuals among the trustees, but the difficulty of getting a meeting in the four or five days before the sale, and the impossibility then of coming to any agreement, made it a hopeless effort from the beginning—and was received as such by those to whom I spoke.

This must be remedied: workable machinery must be provided to take advantage of such economical opportunity to secure the occasional supreme bargain, and reduce the "unrepresented" list.

The question of the British School Section must be carefully reconsidered. Contrary to popular credence, there are only two British painters prior to Turner properly represented—Crone and Hogarth. There is only one Gainsborough in such condition as he would tolerate, and some of the most interesting phases of Reynolds are wanting.

The most peculiarly English era of painting, embracing Lucchero, L. da Heere, M. Gheeraerts, Hannce Eworth, Mytens, the Olivers, N. Hilliard, and their followers, has been utterly neglected, and many of the most unique productions have already left the country at peppercorn prices. What remains of these must be saved. A whole gallery devoted to this era would not be too much.

A library of Old Master drawings must be formed; it is not yet too late, though they are no longer a drug on the market, as was the case a few years ago. A special collection of our own Rowlandson will save the Board from the vulgarest of all errors—inability to recognise genius because its examples are plentiful and cheap at the moment.

The various rooms must in course of time be redecorated. The hideous marble architraves of the doors, suggesting a crematorium, removed and the ceiling ornamentation simplified—but an immediate necessity is the removal of the varnished lincrusta from the walls. Never was background more cunningly devised to eclipse and bedim paintings. What chance have the semiopaque subtleties and "nuances" of paint in competition with the varnished tinsel of lincrusta? Who outside the National Gallery does not realise that brilliant colour transparency and texture in backgrounds must be of elements other than, and contrasting to, varnish and transparent oil pigments?—a silk brocade, for instance.

There must be a Committee of Inquiry into methods of restoration and conservation! This is too large and important a subject to deal with at the moment, but the history of our national possessions and of those of other countries make it a necessity, and a better Bill must be substituted for that before Parliament!

A basis for such has been put forward by Mr. Wilson Steer at a meeting at the Grosvenor Gallery and is receiving wide support: A restriction on the sale (except to the National Gallery) or export during the war and for two years after of pictures earmarked by the Board of the National Gallery, and, with a view to purchasing these and augmenting National Gallery funds, a permanent export duty of 25 per cent. to be levied on all pictures not produced within fifty years or brought into the country within ten years. Pending the passage of the Bill an Order in Council forbidding the sale or export of the earmarked works would protect them and meet the danger resulting from any necessary publication or discussion of the list. Such a measure will obviate the necessity of sales—"redundant" and unnecessary works can be disposed of on loan and exchange loan as effectively as if sold—and of breaking faith with donors and devisors.

The Collectivism of War

By Miles

THE meaning of Socialism is presumably the socialisation of industry coupled with a share in the profits of labour. This was the doctrine of Karl Marx, whose famous book, "Capital," has been the gospel of the proletariat all over the world. The means to that end was revolution, the bursting of the capitalist integument, thus leading to the expropriation of the expropriators or the free State of Socialism.

If Marx had lived to see the stupendous events of the present war he would certainly have sat down to rewrite his thesis. Instead of revolution, it is war which has brought about the socialisation of industry; instead of internationalism as the key to the working men's freedom, it is nationalism which has forged the weapon of Collectivism, though not in the spirit of that international brotherhood dreamed of by Marx.

In Germany at this hour Socialism is actually the State. The State runs everything. It feeds, pays, proposes and disposes. The individual is the State and the State is the individual—man, woman, and child. Such a socialisation of national industry has never been witnessed in history, with the possible exception of Sparta; and in France things have nearly reached the same completion.

Here we have not yet realised the tremendous change which this industry of war denotes and necessitates. We still strike. Labour is still restive. And though the masses to-day have one representative in the new War Cabinet of four, it is none the less true that Labour, as a thinking class, has not yet grasped either the possibilities of the situation or the eventualities confronting failure.

And this would seem the main business to-day of those who lead Labour—to rise to the height of their own Socialist State. For we, too, are rapidly progressing in that direc-

tion. The State in Britain is becoming collectivised. Everywhere work is becoming socialised, for profits are earmarked by the State and wages have never been so high. The result has been the paradox that instead of privation we have fought this war on luxury, and the working man obtains practically what wages he demands, and in the whole range of labour the State is the parent employer, not for his own individual ends, but for the common purpose of the country.

When, therefore, the workmen strike to-day they are actually striking against the first principle of the Collectivist State, because the stoppage of this or that industry does not affect the employer, but the whole, in whose collectivist interest both capital and labour are one—provided, that is, labour desires to win the war, which we may presume. The situation is extremely interesting, not only because it is novel and experimental, but because the whole conception of Socialism must stand or fall by the result. For if Socialism is the highest or ideal expression of the State, then obviously the State depends upon its Socialism; and if our Socialism fails us, it must fail inherently as a doctrine. So much is clear.

Thus war has placed Socialism on its trial, even as it has shown that the socialisation of industry is the scientific condition of war. And this is already a great advance in civilisation, for it destroys at once the idea of war as a princely, religious, or personal possibility, since without a State Collectivism war in modern conditions is unthinkable.

How is it the men do not see this? If we win the war through our Socialist State, the State will be theirs; if we lose it, there won't be much of a State to lose; in either case the issue is decisive and unredeemable. If the British workman, through slackness of work, or strikes, or delays, or any retardatory methods, prevents the State from securing the desired end he will find his position at the end of the war economically calamitous, and as capital will go elsewhere so labour will become a surfeit. It needs no quick imagination to see what that will denote; what misery will be his; what a curse he will have brought upon the land.

But if he wins, as he can if he means to, then he will

find his Collectivism of war automatically crystallising into the Collectivism of peace, with all its attendant gains and perquisites. Victorious, he will condition and remould the State, for he will be the State.

This is certain. The war will socialise Europe. Let the British working man but socialise the State for war and he will find it is the State that will canonise him, and they will be one, free to develop together on common lines of human and economic welfare.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

IRELAND'S LITERARY RENAISSANCE. By ERNEST A. BOYD. Dublin: Maunsel and Co. *7s.* 6*d.* net.

There is, perhaps, something queerly symbolical in the appearance, at the present moment, of a sumptuous volume dealing with the peaceful and artistic progress of the Other Island. Though indeed peaceful is hardly the right epithet to apply to a movement, the leaders of which have shown themselves so easily persuaded to exchange the pen for the less mighty weapon. These considerations apart, Mr. Boyd has here given us a comprehensive study of the rise and development of the modern Irish school, both of literature and drama. Starting with the advantages both of knowledge and sympathy, he has carried out a work of great interest. In the chapter on "Precursors" one is glad to find him doing justice to James Clarence Maughan, whom many of those who talk fluently about the Celtic revival pass by with less than gratitude. Probably the general public will be most concerned with Mr. Boyd's chapters on the Irish theatre. The fact of the players having achieved popular success (even to the music-hall mark) has made their art and objects familiar to many for whom the name of Gregory would have else denoted only a monk or a medicine. Mr. Boyd, already known for his "Contemporary Irish drama," has here added some chapters of history and criticism that no student of the modern theatre, Celtic or Saxon, should neglect.

FICTION.

CAPEL SION. By CARADOC EVANS. London: Melrose, Ltd. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

The transfigurative Biblical expression of Mr. Caradoc Evans is a new thing which THE ENGLISH REVIEW was instrumental in bringing into light, and it is a thing to study. As stories, they are the spirit of the *macabre*. A Satanic gesture is in them, a realism hitherto unknown in our literature. And they are part of our literature, try the Welsh ever so hard to ban the book and place it on the Index of Puritanical hypocrisy, as they succeeded in doing with Evans' first book. As a picture of Welsh life, they shed a flood of wholesome, purging light—which will not go out; they are of the race, of the soil, of the blood. At first, they stagger the reader, at no time are they easy to read continuously. Out of them speaks the little canting world of the Chapel, and the wind these stories blow is like a typhoon of redemption. The style is strange, quite hauntingly personal and incisive. A Sadic note is struck throughout. With an artist's finish, Mr. Evans lights up the impurities of a Puritanism which no longer has a soul, and smacks us across the face. Mr. Evans has a mission. Here is a real book to read—no commercialism. Whither will this Calvary lead the author? To prison, or to Ministerial Office?

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

CHARLES FROHMAN. By ISAAC F. MARCOTSON and DANIEL FROHMAN. London: Bodley Head. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

This is an honourable exception to the rule that theatrical memoirs must be dreary collections of stage-shop. But, then, no record of the great little manager, none at least that did adequate justice to his personality, could ever be dreary. There was no room for this deplorable epithet in Frohman's strenuous and essentially happy life. Happiness, indeed, is the chief impression that we must always retain of him; he spent his days in the successful

pursuit of exactly the kind of activities that he loved best. It may have been either a cause or an effect of this good fortune that Charles Frohman was loved more genuinely than perhaps any man in the theatrical world of our time, which is, for the most part, a world that develops careless friendship and generosity, rather than the real milk of human kindness. For Frohman the stage, and the men and women of it whose destinies he ruled, represented home and family—"children" is the word that Sir James Barrie uses of his companies, in their relation to the manager; and there could be no better proof of the regard that his fellow-workers had for this generous, impulsive little potentate than Sir James's appreciation of him, printed as a preface to the book. It is one that all lovers of the theatre should buy and keep: as a memorial of the period of stage history that ended when the Hun torpedo struck the *Lusitania*, and brought to Frohman (himself of German parentage) the death that characteristically he spent his last breath in calling "the greatest adventure of life."

POETRY

NEW BELGIAN POEMS. By EMILE CAMMAERTS. Translated by Tita Brand-Cammaerts. London: The Bodley Head. 3*s*. 6*d*. net.

This is a companion volume to the "Chants Patriotiques," already issued by Mr. John Lane. Following what is obviously the best arrangement, it presents the reader with the original and the translation upon opposite pages, so that it is easy to compare them line by line. Verdicts will naturally not all agree; but on the whole one may admit that the translator has passed this very severe ordeal with honours. The last part of the book is taken up with the dramatic mystery of Les Trois Rois. Naturally, all the poems have the war for their theme; in all, one has the same impression of beautiful and fragile blossoms growing upon a battlefield. Nothing of the volume surpasses in tender sadness "The Angelus," the haunting

music of which has been especially well transposed into the English version :—

"C'est le cœur du pays,
Qui sonne comme une cloche.
. . . . . .
C'est notre sang qui bat
Contre les murs de sa prison,
Et qui répète tout bas,
Son éternelle chanson."

One wonders, will anybody ever translate this beautiful collection into the language of Goethe?

WAR

WAR PHASES, ACCORDING TO MARIA. By MRS. JOHN LANE. London: The Bodley Head. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

Mrs. John Lane is a petticoated Carnot, and as an organiser of victory commands all her sisterhood to do the things they should do and not—but here her always delightful Maria tells them of the other things. Thus Maria, when she opened the halfpenny illustrated, equally revered in the kitchen and drawing-room, and saw in the middle page her particular abomination, Mrs. Dill-Binkie, clad as a Red Cross ministering angel in a uniform manifestly created by no less a personage than Lucile—wherever a red cross could be put a red cross had been put, and the very biggest one was just over the place where, according to Maria, she hadn't any heart, and her upturned eyes were shining, possibly with charity, but more likely with belladonna—it took Maria quite a moment to recover, and she cried tragically: "There she is, and don't know more about nursing soldiers than the cat"—not so much, for Mrs. Dill-Binkie has never even had kittens! Then we are told of other happenings in these two wonderful years, when the *grand monde* have, apparently to please the taste of the returning warrior, assimilated the modes of the *demi-monde*.

It's all capital good fun and much more interesting than the involved dissertations of certain of our military experts.

AT THE WAR. By LORD NORTHCLIFFE. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 5*s*.

Readers of the Northcliffe Press will welcome these impressions in book form as will those who have not seen them before in the press. They reflect a broad sanity of view, a singular power of observation, a trained mind. Some of the chapters are extremely valuable. The book shows that clearness of thought which is Lord Northcliffe's peculiar genius, and we recommend this work as one of the best things we have seen on the war.

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